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MY DAYS WITH UNCLE SAM

RASH BEHARI DAY

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Calcutta.

MY DAYS
WITH UNCLE SAM

BY

RASH BEHARI DAY

1919

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Italla, Kuti, Tipperah, Bengal, India.

Printed by S. A. Gunny,

At the Alexandra S. M. Press, Dacca.

PREFACE.

Just fourteen years ago in that fateful year 1905 while I was attending one of the F. A. classes of the Rajshahi College there came to read with us a young man with among others one marked peculiarity, which I still remember, namely that his hairs were too stiff to bend down no matter how much he would try. He always looked the rough, though reliable, product of the country and we all liked him. We liked him all the more because he was poor, very poor, with as great an eagerness for learning. He used to manage his expenses at first by private tuition and very soon afterwards came to live with us in the house of my father, the Hon'ble Babu Kishori Mohan Chaudhuri, Pleader, Rajshahi, (now a member of the Bengal Legislative Council). Later on we happened to be members of a Debating Club where his straightforwardness, liberalism and originality charmed me and brought us closer.

Some five months after the F. A. Examination and the immediate parting that followed, I found him one day selling newspapers as a newsboy in one of the streets of Calcutta. With simple *dhuti* and *chadar* and the bare-feet he hardly looked like the man who had ever been to college. My admiration and sympathy, no doubt, increased a good deal and I brought him to my mess.

And then, about five years ago I was enjoying one day one of those usual gossips at my table in one of the

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rooms of the Vakil's Library in the Calcutta High Court buildings, when I was not a little surprised and pleased to see a young man with a rather impressive personality looking for me. But I was all the more delighted and surprised when a few seconds later I recognised in him my old friend who was earning his daily bread as a news boy when I last met him in Calcutta in 1907 and who had in that very year left for America as a sailor. His hair was now soft and silken and his face, that of the most refined metropolitan. He very kindly accepted my invitation to stop with us in Calcutta for three days. During all this time crowds of friends gathered round him and eagerly listened to the vivid stories of the adventures, troubles and struggles that he passed through in America and elsewhere. He brought lots of his own manuscripts about the United States of America and we requested him to write out his life-story for publication, but he declined with the very affable excuse that he was yet too young and had accomplished but too little to be an autobiographer. I thought of publishing his stories in separate articles myself, but being too busy with my own work I failed.

I have always entertained a great admiration for the man, and a better key to his character will be found in the fact that his former wants and his seven years of stay amid the splendours of modern materialistic life have not been able to shake his character in the least or to make him money-mad. He married an orphan girl, only a few months after his return from America, from a very respectable Hindu family without any dowry and

without even entering into any formal agreement. He simply saw the girl, gave his word and married at the earliest opportunity, and it was one of the happiest marriages within my knowledge.

In 1919 he returned from Mesopotamia where he had gone as an Electrical Power Station Superintendent with the Expeditionary Force. He must have been very busy there, for his valuable services were specially mentioned in the London Gazette of the 21st February 1919, by Lieutenant General W. R. Marshall K. C. B., K C. S. I., Commander-in-chief of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. But still he managed to make time to write a book which he submitted to me for inspection with the following remarks :—"Don't think that any idea of self-advertisement made me write these things. I was shocked to hear in Mesopotamia the death of my great friend, Mr. Myron H. Phelps of New York. I was sorry that I could not be present in his funeral and failed to obtain even the details of his death. I hope this little volume will stand as a monument to his loved memory and to the deep regard I had for him."

I read the autobiographical treatise with continually increasing interest. There are very good and most interesting materials in it not only for the young folk and students but for the teachers, lawyers, reformers and politicians alike. The language is the simplest that is possible. It has indeed removed a need of the hour, and I venture to think it will be vastly read and will in no time be one of the most popular books in rising India. "My Days with Uncle Sam" is its title.

I have a great pleasure in introducing my friend, the Author, who was born in the little village of Italla in the district of Tipperah. His education in India extended up to F. A. He then went over to the United States of America and graduated from the Tuskegee Institute, where he specialised in Electrical Engineering. He has also been a great traveller in America, Europe and India. His name is Rash Behari Day.

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Vakil, High Court, Calcutta.

MY DAYS WITH UNCLE SAM.

THE INSPIRATION.

Going back to the earliest period within my memory, I remember thinking that father was the best man in the world. He was my ideal, and to be like him was my constant effort. Not that I think of him very differently now. I have learnt languages that he does not know. I manage business that he has not even an idea of. He is not as well known as myself. Inspite of all these tangible facts I know that my father is a better creature than myself. Along with the progress in my self-knowledge I analised the character of my father and mother. I discovered to my sorrow that I received most of my parents' weaknesses. If my grandfather could do for his only son as much as the latter

did for me father would have been by far a better character than I am or ever will be. I cannot but feel grateful to my father. It will be seen before long that I rebelled or acted against his wishes, but such rebellions cannot stain a man's gratefulness.

Very few men are fit to decide what sorts of education and occupation are best for their sons. It may be the interest as well as the ambition of an young man to break through the stony wall, but most fathers who will be too eager to applause such deeds will be unwilling to see their own sons pass through the ordeal. My ideas grow out of education and environments that never influenced my father. So it cannot be expected that we should always agree. Again the education that put us apart was given by the public, and that's always more efficient than that given by any father.

My father brought me to his business town of Narayanganj, and got me admitted first into Madanganj Normal School for couple of years, and then into the high school of Narayanganj. I was then, as far as I can remember, only about ten years old. The ideals of the rural life began to die out. New environments created new ideals. I remember telling a classmate that I

would like to be an M. A. and secure the post of a headmaster. But something happened about that time that entirely diverted my thoughts and activities. By constantly attending the epic dramas played in the town, I acquired a taste for our epic stories. I fell to studying old epics and scriptures revered by our correligionists. Father objected to these activities, though he never objected to seeing the epic dramas. He thought that at that age I should study nothing but school books. But I kept on reading secretly. The Headmaster-ideal died out and I became a bold religious adventurer. I was determined to see God and become one of his best devotees. Prahlad was the first devotee, Dhruba the second, Arjun the third, and I hoped to be the fourth. I ran away from school bidding farewell to my relatives through letters. I remained plunged in cold water for hours praying. I entered the most dangerous parts of the Tipperah hills where tigers abound, and big snakes lie like old trunks of trees. I passed nights where for ages dead men have been burnt, and where nobody dares to go alone. No use telling these stories in detail. They constitute the first great enterprise in my life, but they have only a passing reference to the story

I mean to tell. Maharaja Shurjakanta of Mymensingh met me at Sitakunda and suspected me to be a run-away boy. He discouraged me, and even threatened to hand me over to my father at his own expense. I evaded him, but another man brought me back home. Father was angry at my turn of mind, some relatives even chastised me ; while rumors went around that I had seen God. After couple of months I was sent back to school again.

I met with lot of discouragement and no success ; but still I did not give up the desire to see God. I kept on praying in my spare time, and sometimes, even while walking in the streets. My fellow students nicknamed me (Sadhu) the pious man. But unconsciously I had begun to lose all touch with scriptures, and their influence on me began to slacken. Not that I was at once turning a rogue or a hypocrite. I stuck to the Vedic principles of telling the truth only, and of respecting all men and women as my brothers and sisters. I fully remember a period of time when I never told a lie, and never argued on religion ; for I found that if I argue and think I lose many of my guiding principles.

What brought about the change is the study of the modern history of England and India.

I was acquiring all that is necessary to make me an Indian in a national sense. I was born a Hindu, and started my career as a Hindu in the most practical way. It was a total failure. Not that practical Hinduism is a wrong procedure in early life. I simply misunderstood our religion and was misled by the foolish writings and foolish deeds of the religious cranks.

Our temples have lived many thousands of years. Don't they require whitewashing? Our scriptures have been written and rewritten thousands of times in thousands of dialects, and by thousands of men. Don't they require comment and correction? It is time to organise our religious parliament and sift out the truth. The trashes will then fall apart and mislead none.

But here again, I mean as an young Indian I made great mistakes. Worthless books of thoughtless historians were made text books. After studying as far as the occupation of Bengal by the British, I was most miserable for sometimes. I thought that Plassey was the death-bed of our liberties, but in truth it was the birth place of the "India of Tomorrow," as all Indians are realising. Political liberties we never had, and have not got them even now. But from

that memorable day at Plassey begins our emancipation from priest-craft, caste prejudices, religious prejudices, and racial prejudices, that had made an Indian nation impossible. I read books telling that Nawab Mir Jafar and his colleagues were all betrayers. If it be so then every Indian is a betrayer ; every judge that punishes is a sinner, and every man that makes profit is a robber.

It is my firm conviction that nothing can happen without the will of God, and nothing does happen for the worse. I cannot and will not try to explain them here in this little volume. But I see it through as clearly as the sun through the morning fog that British rule in India is the greatest blessing, and India as a straw with a running current is much better than as a stone in a stagnant pool. Nawab Mir Jafar was not a betrayer, and though it is not to my point, I beg to pause here to explain myself.

An American gentleman who has been a traveller all over India once remarked "Emperor Shah Jahan was a great man, and a good man too. His wife, however, retorted "But a very bad boy. He once rebelled against his father."

"It was not his fault." replied the gentleman.

"Whose fault then ?" asked the lady.

"Of the Mugal family system and the king-worshippers of India." replied the gentleman, and he was right.

Practically all throughout the Mugal history we find the prince or princes rebelling against their father. Selim rebelled against Akbar, Shah Jahan against Selim, Aurungjib against Shah Jahan, but Aurungjib was very foresighted, and imprisoned his son beforehand. But if we look through the Hindu history of the same country, we find cases of rebellion not by the son against father, but by the minister or commander against the king or master. The causes of these can be found in the national life we live, and the royal ideals we hold. It is not an individual but a national fault. Mir Jafar was the outgrowth of such a fault. He was cleverer than the Nawab who was his master, and took the opportunity to enthrone himself as soon as it came. If he had not taken it, perhaps there would have been others to seize it.

If Mir Jafar was treacherous before the Bengalees, Lord Clive would have never made him Nawab, the nobles of Bengal would have never done him the homage, and the tax-payers would not have paid the taxes. It cannot be contended that they were forced to obey; for in no country

and during no reasonable period of time can one man with the help of his courtiers govern a country. Even to-day, British rule in India is resting on our ideas and ideals. When you can't see well don't blame the sun or the lamp at once, the trouble may be in your eye or further back.

In India the throne was the property of the man who could seize and hold it. Once he was seated there, bedecked with diamonds and and donned with crown, people used to worship him no matter what might have been his worth or antecedents. If such a state induces a man to jump upon the throne of India can we reasonably blame him ?

Now coming back to our point, the study of English history made me a rational thinker of human events ; and the study of American history which is a forward step of the English history made me pro-American. just about that time the writings of Swami Vibekananda eulogising the Americans in every possible way began to spread in India. I read them against the wishes of my father and was filled with a strong love for United States of America and her people. It was from this time on that I was thinking of going to America.

America, as I thought, floated before my mental eye as clearly as the sweet picture of my mother. She appeared to me like a glorious land—the earthly garden of God—the beautiful sun-set picture (of the luxuriant country side) with an active and beautiful people bathed in the sun-set colors. And these people for their love of freedom, honesty, and fraternity, were favored by the Almighty God with abundance of health and wealth. My desire to see America and the Americans began to trail into a crave. I knew that father would not approve such a movement, but that did not matter. I was strong enough to help myself. Sometimes I regretted that I had not the means to go; but the rumors that in America students can be self-supporting gave me a fresh inducement, and supplied me with a plan of action. I became determined to go to America and learn something from them. I fully remember telling a friend that I was sure to go to United States of America working my way as a sailor. When he asked how I would defray my expenses in school, I replied that I would be self-supporting and approach the President of the United States of America should I fail. Perhaps my reader thinks that I was a fool to indulge in that kind of dreams. But I was right. My life

in America was intimately connected with some American gentlemen and ladies whose memory I dearly cherish and will cherish until death.

Now coming back to our point, I planned to start for America as soon as our entrance examition was over. But when the examination came near, I was getting worse in health. I had an attack of malaria; and as soon as I recovered I began to suffer from abscesses. When I entered the examination hall, I remember I was very shockingly surprised at my facial expression reflected by a huge mirror near the door. I had a small looking-glass that was not quite true, and consequently I did not know jnst how I deteriorated in health. I looked a typical Bengalee examinee—eyes down in the sockets, cheeks hollow, forehead lined with untimely marks of age, and neck bending forward. I almost gave a soundless yell at my own appearance. It was not entirely my own fault, for I was not the only one run-down at the rising age. I was like others a victim to the short-sightedness of our university men. You cannot vomit in a day what you eat in a month, nor can you eat in a month a year's food. No matter which cook prepares your food, and which doctor looks after you, you are a sick man if you try.

Causes must have their effects. The examination had done its usual ravages, and then came the period of physical reconstruction. With most Indian students it is a period of thoughtlessness and laziness. I killed my time partly sleeping and partly talking nonsense among chums. By the time the result was out I had acquired some flesh, rather looked a little fat but did possess the mental and physical strength to execute the plan of going to America that was so dear to me. So it was postponed for the time being ; and instead of shaping my path for my destination I let the old trodden-out path decide my goal. I entered a college because most students do it, and it was the easiest course to take.

About six months later, however, I found myself planning with some other students and deciding upon the same course that was so dear to me but was practically given up. We made up our mind to start as soon as the F. A. examination was over.

A few months before the examination I realised that my eye-sight was falling. The local doctors could not give me any remedy nor any sound advice. I tried glasses, but they made hardly any difference. I had to give up

nocturnal study entirely, and even at day I did not or could not read more than a limited number of hours. This was very unfortunate ; but it prevented me from exhausting myself of all my mental and physical energy.

I appeard in the examination depending on a mere chance only, and as soon as it was over, I went to Calcutta more than ever determined to shape my future path while undergoing ocular treatment.

Father wanted me at home, and did not like the idea that I should go to Calcutta for treatment. Honourable Kishori Mohan Choudhury of Rajshahi helped me in studying F.A. But who was now going to help me for treatment in Calcutta ? Perhaps, this was my father's main cause for objection. However, I found two friends who helped me a great deal.

One of my villagers was engaged in Calcutta as the right hand man of a grocer. As soon as I went to him he received me with open arms. It was not possible for him to feed me, but it was decided without my asking that I could stay with him.

The other friend was professor Hem Chandra Sarker of our college at Rajshahi. Please permit me to say a few words about him. He was a

very thoughtful and kindhearted man and always tried to act according to sound principle Unfortunately his constitution was very weak, and he always suffered from bad health. This rendered him not only easily irritable, but very whimsical. He lacked in constancy of purpose, and the strength of his mind was quite often totally dwarfed by the weakness of his body. If angry, he appeared like an old engine letting out steam through every joint. He was a great scholar, and if he had the health he might have been a great man. He gave me one letter to a professor of Ripon College who helped me with enough money to save me for a month and a half from starvation. He gave me another letter introducing me to one of his former students who was engaged in a free Calcutta Hospital as an eye-specialist.

When I entered the hospital as an out-door patient I had the feeling of certain recovery; but unfortunately I derived no benefit. There I saw many cases of shocking eye trouble. But more shocking was the neglect and ill-treatment of the patients. I doubted about the social utility of hospitals. I know that such institutions are necessary in times of wars and epidemics and also in big cities where total helplessness is not rare.

But if they don't go beyond the show of generosity of the donors, it is better not to have them.

The truth is, especially in India, where a meek people is most uninformed about the aims and upkeeps of the hospitals the institution is ruinous to public health and medical profession. I had personal experience in two hospitals in Calcutta, two hospitals in rural Bengal, one in Bombay, and one in Benares. Then I have acquired lot of unofficial information about many hospitals in many parts of India. I regret to say that in most of these places with rare exceptions, every one, beginning from the chief doctor down to the humblest attendant, is looking for bad money. Some of them have the shamelessness to ask for the money even in advance. I was told by a reliable friend about a doctor who used to consume the major portion of the diet sanctioned for the patients for himself and his family and let the sick almost starve

Those who can pay get their treatment in free hospitals a little cheaper; but those who cannot pay are neglected, and in most cases they die before their time.

The root cause of this trouble is the non-existence of any strong public opinion and the ignorance of the attendants.

With the amount of education amoug us and the kind of respect shown to public opinion in India perfection in this respect cannot be expected ; but a great deal of improvement can be made by introducing to each hospital a system of reports from every in-door and out-door patient, by punishing the wrong-doers according to these reports, and also by payiug the doctors no salary but commission on the number of successful cases found in the reports.

While undergoing medical treatment I was on the look-out for a job in some ocean steamer. I used to go to the docks and wharves very frequently, but met with no encouragement. I saw lot of big steamers and lot of coolies workiug in them ; but whenever I tried to enter a steamer I always found some one opposing me.

One day I made up my mind to work as a laborer. Besides money, I thought, it would give me a chance to be engaged in the steamer. Here also I was disappointed. The foreman refused to engage me. "Babu" he said "this is not your work. This is cooly's work." I insisted on being taken, but the foreman who took me to be belonging to some respectable family could not be prevailed upon. But when I was returning he called me and asked me if I knew

English well. On my replying in the affirmative he advised me to see the custom officer.

"He is dissatisfied with his chief clerk" said the foreman. "If you can please him, you will get fifty rupees to start with. It will be a good job for you."

The foreman seemed to be kind to me after all, and I could not help confiding in him. I told him that my primary object was to see United States of America. At this he smiled and expressed good wishes for me. He guided me where the seamen are engaged and told me that if I stuck to it I was sure to be successful.

When I returned to my quarter that evening I had a feeling of joy. But before I could make any effort there, I received a letter from mother telling me that she would send for me if I failed to reach home within a week. The result of the examination was out and expectedly bad. I thought that she must be anxious about me.

I was willing to go home but my prudence stood in the way. Indian village life is a calm and happy atmosphere that undermines ambition and encourages self-content. I knew that, and preferred to live in the town. Besides, my father like most Indians of the dead centuries was the

greatest despot that existed to my knowledge. The minute I step within the domain of his guardianship I have to give up my personal ideas, ideals, and plans, and strictly conform to his. I believe that here is the germ, and our caste system is the fertiliser of the slavish submission and rude rebellion that tinges our character.

Love of parents is a divine heritage ; but it must not, and should not be allowed to, interfere in the creative power of human mind. Every son should try to be better than his father physically, mentally, and also socially. The progress of individuals as well as nations depends on this, and is also marked by this. Upto a certain age of the boys and girls, detailed recitation of parents' career, and their advice and guidance, is of very great importance. But I repeat, as I said before, that parents can hardly be rational guides to their sons and daughters. Those who became great or greater than their parents always worked harder, and took greater risks than their parents wished or advised.

I pondered over my mother's letter, and ultimately decided to leave Calcutta as soon as possible.

THE WESTWARD JOURNEY.

I bid farewell to my villager on the pretext of going back to Rajshahi. He lent me five rupees and that was all the money I had. One blanket, two shirts, two dhutis, one bed sheet, an aged umbrella, and a bottle of medicine for my eyes, formed the rest of my belongings. With this equipment, will within, and God overhead, I started the second great enterprise in my life —my first Westward Journey.

Coming to Howrah Station I bought a ticket for Patna, and was waiting for the train. Another passenger, about thirty five years old, a little sickly-looking, and with a seemingly heavy bundle in his hand, approached me, and asked "Where are you bound for ?"

"Patna." I replied.

The answer produced a smile on his face.

"We are going together then," he said gladly. "I bought a ticket for Bankipur."

He sat by me, and began to talk. In that great Westward Journey he was my first friend. Though I have forgotten his name and address, I shall never forget him nor his kindness. When we parted at Benares, he asked me to write to him as soon as I reach America. I did write to him, but never got a reply.

My main object in going to Benares was to see Mrs. Besant. One railway brakesman who befriended me in the train, advised me to see her. He said that she might help me in some way or other. This was a total disappointment; for at that time she was out of the city. However, I did not lose heart, and began to look for other means.

One ordinary stationary shop-keeper was very much agrieved to hear that I was trying to go to America.

"Dear sir," he said sadly, "What will be your gain from the destruction of your caste?"

His tone indicated that caste was the most glorious thing that we inherited from our forefathers. We can't deny that when they were hard-pressed by invaders and conquerors, this caste was quite often used as a means of protection and also as an weapon for punishing those who violated the social rules. But the question is, have these means done any good? My answer is in the negative.

A Chinaman is always a Chinaman whether he is a Christian or a Buddhist. And if two Chinese fight over their irreconcilable ideas you will call them fools. The case is exactly parallel to us, and it is wise to see one's own folly and rectify it first.

An American lady once informed me that a *Hindu* had come to her for a job and that he seemed to be starving. I at once wrote to him asking him to go to an Indian mess with my letter. His name was *James Marcus*, and his home was on the Malabar coast.

An adventurous Pathan went to San-Francisco, and found out after a long search a few *Sicks*. He wanted to live with them, but owing to religious prejudice the Sicks did not like to have him. He became furious, but still he began to live with them, and eat whatever they gave. A few days later, he met a Bengalee who seemed to be very sympathetic. He at once lodged his complaint against the *Sicks*, and wanted him to give them a good talk. But when the Bengalee asked him to live separate, or with him, the Pathan felt himself unable to do it. The provincial tie was too strong for him.

So no matter how different ideas we hold, and how differently we dress up, we cannot lose our race, nor become insensible to the racial attractions. If the Indian races are to live, they will all live ; and if they are to die, they will all die. Castes and so-called creeds will save none.

Living within a caste barrier is like hiding ourselves. No individual, nor any nation can lay

any claim to existence or any rights by hiding ; and using it as an weapon of punishment is breaking our home, and not making it.

We are so fetterred in one way, and divided up in another way, owing to our castes, that we have lost our trades, lost our touch with foreign nations, and above all lost our national life. Were it not for our history and the attitude of the foreigners, we, the people of India, would have never known, nor felt, that inspite of all differences of castes and creeds we belong to one race, and are awaiting one and the same fate.

"Don't go to America." Another gentleman advised me. "I read that the Americans hate us. You will get no opportunity there."

No nation, nor any individual, in which hatred is a dominating trait of character can ever rise. United States is a happy, prosperous and civilised country. I could not believe that they hate us. Swami Vibekananda spoke very highly of them. His words to me were the words of gospel. Our scriptures had inspired me to go out into the lonely hills and pray so that I might see God. The words of Swami Vibekananda inspired me with a strong love of America and the Americans, and I was on my way to

that blessed land. Could the thoughtless words of a thoughtless man dissuade me ?

In Benares I approached three gentlemen for help. They were all members of the Theosophical Society. The first one was a Bengalee gentleman, about 35 years old, Europeanised, and living in a fashionable bungalow surrounded by gardens. Seemingly he was very rich. His bearer usherred me in, but the gentleman refused me any help and was not willing even to talk. His manners indicated that he was fully satisfied with his position, and that I belonged to the disturbing element ; but he was too wise to be disturbed by me.

There is a class of men like him in every country. They are not interested in anything beyond their narrow and selfish ends. We cannot blame them for their attitude, but the vital strength of a nation is proportionally more as the number of such men are less. Inspite of all the influence that money can endow them with, they live so useless a life that their death does not make the least difference in society.

The next man I approached was also a Bengalee gentleman ; but he did not appear as rich as the first man. I met him on my second visit to his bungalow, and it seemed that he was ready with an answer. He came out to his

veranda, and before I could finish two sentences, he began to advise me—

"There are vast lands lying waste. You can go there and start cultivation. What's the good of going abroad ? There's a foolish craze among young men for going out."

"I did not come to you for advice, Sir," I replied "If you refuse me any help, I don't think I shall have anything against you."

"You yourself brought the trouble on you. So I can't help you."

"Thank you just the same" I left him without a word more.

This is another class of men among the rich who assume to be wise, though in most cases there is not as much sense in their head as there is water in a piece of dry wood. They are blind, but in their ignorance they call the brightest day as darkest. There are flatterers who will at once agree with them and make them feel wiser still. They expect to be followed instead of following ; and quite often they are obstacles in the way of better men. Their existence is in many ways detrimental to society.

The third gentleman was an U. P. Brahmin. I take him as a type of the uppermost class of people in the Upper Province.

I met him too on my second visit, and seemingly he was ready to receive me as a Bengalee gentleman and not as a beggar. My purpose was rather a surprise to him.

He asked me about the *swadeshi* movement in Bengal, and on my expressing surprise at his lack of information he laughed and said "Yes, yes, it is a surprise that I, five hundred miles away, don't know these things."

"There are newspapers." I replied.

"They tell lies. I don't read them." He responded.

I cannot but feel pity for this gentleman. He who cannot sift out the truth from falsehood is not fit for any business in this world. But I felt that his only pursuit was ease and comfort. To scan the pages of a newspaper for informations that did not concern him was a troublesome job.

When I mentionod that I expected to be a sailor he said—

"Are you strong enough for that kind of work ?"

I was then the very same man who was stopped on three different occasions for enlistment in United States' army. My types of men are replacing European seamen in almost all

the sea-routes around Europe. His tone indicated that the sailors are giants who pole the big liners across the rough Atlantic. This man was a scholar, and his pedantic words came out like bubbles of wisdom from the deep sea of knowledge. But I felt that he ought to have flown around to see what the world was like, instead of staying in the cage.

I had a little talk with some younger persons of the family. They seemed to be very much interested, particularly, in my wrong ideas. They decried European civilisation because "one dhuti and one coat were enough for an Indian." I felt that they must have imbibed this gigantic truth from the elder person.

Whether economically or biologically the physical requirements are the first incentives to human activities. The more are the needs the more are the activities, and the greater are the exertions. The hardest struggle for life gives birth to the hardiest race. The inactive and uninterested man might as well lie peacefully in his grave.

The reader must not think that I was offended with that gentleman. He belongs to the innocent class of rich men. Under good guidance he is a strength to society. He is the only

man of Benares to whom I am grateful for an eight anna-piece. This too was welcome, for it increased my wealth by half.

Benares is the centre of Hindu religion and culture. I had long dreamt of visiting her. Many things attracted my attention ; but I regret to say that very few things excited my admiration. To say that Benares was a total disappointment will not be too much. When I left Benares I had only one thing in my mind and that was the moral degradation of the holy city. Most places of Hindu pilgrimage give the same impression, and it is a pity that no public man has so far stood for any reform.

There are so-called licensed hotels for pilgrims. I was living in one of them with the friend whom I had met at Howrah station. He was kind enough to pay my bill for the hotel, and I thanked him very much. He left the hotel in the morning, but I was to keep my scanty luggage in the hotel until afternoon ; because that morning I was to see that U. P. Brahmin. When I returned after seeing him it was about one in the afternoon. The hotel-keeper said that I must pay rent for the whole day though our account was clearly settled in the morning. I agreed to pay but very reluctantly, specially

because I was hungry, and wanted to take my meal there for which their charge was only ten pice.

After finishing my meal I put the eight anna-piece before the manager and he was to return me ten pice after keeping three annas for house rent and ten pice for the meal. But that man who posed to be very religious never returned me the ten pice. He argued that all pilgrims give him something when they leave. I explained that I was not a pilgrim, but a penniless man ; but all my arguments and entreaties were in vain. I was at last enraged. I could easily hurt him without being caught or arrested, but I felt that ten pice was too small a thing to hit a man for. I had similar experience at the Kalighat temple in Calcutta. And from talks with friends and others I found out that at all centres of Hindu pilgrimage there is a class of people who live on extorted money.

Professional begging is a social as well as an economical sin. It ruins families and nations faster than any other cause. But extortion of money is illegal and disturbs peace.

I saw another incident which is worth mentioning. In a religious fair on the bank of the river Brahmaputra a young woman was wiping

the feet of a Brahmin with her hair. It attracted my attention, and I noticed that two other gentlemen were also watching. They were very finely-dressed, but still I could not decide whether they were rogues or respectable men. The woman was pretty, and had with her an old woman as her only companion. The Brahmin hastily performed some religious rites, and at the conclusion refused to give them the blessings unless they gave him two rupees. The old woman was pressing with an eight anna-piece, but the Brahmin would not take it. At this the two gentlemen went near, and one of them insisted on its being taken at once. The terrificd Brahmin obeyed, and the two gentlemen went away. The women were thunderstruck and began to ask the Brahmin for pardon.

In the scheme of creation man is the greatest and most important instrument of God. In other words, God is manifesting Himself as men and women and also as families and nations in order to farther the scheme of creation. What Nature fails man finishes.

If I could think of man as separate from Nature or God, I could declare and defend that man is a higher creature than God. In the sea, God has created the whale, but man has created

the steam ship. In the sky, God has created the eagle, but man has created the airship. On the land, God has created the lion and the elephant, but man has created the automobile, the railway train, and the cannon. Everywhere man has defeated God; but still the statement is as wrong as to say that the hand slapped the student and not the teacher. So all the deeds of man are nothing but the deeds of God. In other words, let me repeat, God is simply farthering his creation through man. Now who would like to possess a hand that does not obey.

Accordingly, those men and women, and families and nations, that are useful, and are being used in the factory of evolution will survive ; and those that are useless will die out through oppressions and wars, and famines and epidemics. Our religion tells us that people die through sins. It is quite true, for whatever is not in keeping with the progress of the world or the scheme of creation is sin.

The spirit of helpfulness or charity fully harmonises with the scheme of creation ; but no individual nor any nation is worth its existence, that is entirely dependent on others. In infancy a man is entirely dependent on civilisation ; but a time comes, when civilisation depends on him.

Beggars as well as undeservedly privileged persons are unproductive and unnecessary in the scheme of creation. In the factory of evolution they are the wastes that must be removed or recast. In the history of all nations beggars and undeserved privileges hardly exist in their rising period, but those are the curses and cause of ruin in the decaying period.

I have begged myself; and if I did not do that, I would have been worse than I am. All are not born of rich parents; and those who are poor and wish to rise must look for patrons or God-father. Among all nations in their rising period no child will be neglected, and no young man will find himself helpless or discouraged in his honest activities. I was discouraged by a few men of Benares, but the number of such men are rapidly decreasing in our country. India is no longer the stagnant land of lazy philosophy, indifference, and superstition. It is a rising and rapidly-progressing land. Sure as the sun that shines, she will before long rival the best countries of the world, not only in wealth and commerce, but in all sciences and arts.

I shall never forget a Christian and a Mahomedan gentleman any more than the friend of Howrah station. I returned to Mugal Sarie

expecting to meet the railway brakesman. I had to wait there nearly three days. My money was all gone, and I lived two days practically on the sweet water of the Upper Province.

I met the brakesman, but he could not wait. He told me to approach a railway officer and mention him as my friend. There were some low-paid railway employees present when the brakesman parted from me. They fully realised my position, and without my asking raised from themselves the price of a meal and gave it to me.

I made up my mind to approach no officer, and went to the platform with other passengers. I intended to entrain and suffer the consequences.

There collected three railway officers near me, and one of them pointed out that I was trying to travel without a ticket. "Nothing of the sort." replied the elderly man, and this was the Christian I was coming to talk of. "I have been seeing him here for the last three days." he added.

Couple of minutes later the Christian gentleman said to his Bengalee companion, "We have to decide about this boy." and turning towards me he asked "Where do you want to go ?"

He seemed to be fatherly kindness itself.

"Jubbelpur." I replied. "All right," said his companion, "Get into the train. But if

you are caught, tell them that you lost your ticket."

I agreed and entered the train. A few minutes later she began to pull out, and I saluted at the kind officers from the running train.

I made friendship with a Marhatta gentleman in the train before it reachcd Jubbelpur. When I told him that I had no ticket, he offered to help me out.

"Every one in the station knows me" he said "Don't you worry."

"I was caught, but when that gentleman said that I was his poor friend, the ticket-collector smiled and let me go.

My purpose in landing at Jubbelpur was the same as in Benares. But here I was more successful. I was able to collect one rupee. A Bengalee doctor helped me with one meal at his quarters, and it was a good meal too. His maid servant said while I was eating "Don't feel shy. Ask for all that you want." I made the greatest exertion, but still I could not eat even three quarter of my usual meal. Scanty meals and frequent fastings had brought about a change in my nourishing system. At the end of the meal I felt unusually lazy and sleepy. Here for the first time in my life, I experienced

that the charitable feasts in India do more harm than good.

In India most people take two meals a day. It is better to take three meals in less quantities. After a meal a man should feel refreshed and not lazy. The smaller the ration the better is the efficiency of the soldier, provided he feels refreshed and his body does not hunger into weakness.

I planned to see the guard, and left Jubbelpur with a ticket for the next station, and did not get off there. The scheme failed, and I was at last arrested by the travelling ticket-collector, and made to land at Burhanpur. A fine of about two rupees was imposed on me; but a Mahomedan headmaster of a neighbouring school paid off the whole of it, as soon as I told him about it. This is the Mahomedan I was coming to talk of. He came to the station as a passenger, but to me he was a deliverer. He asked me several things about Bengal, and also why the Mahomedans there are poor and take to robbery as a means of livelihood. I replied that the robbers were mostly converts from low class Hindus. This satisfied him, but his young companion put in a very scything remark. "The Hindus of Bengal are very oppressive upon the

Moslems" he said, "and so the Mahomedans are quite right in robbing the Hindus."

"You could blame the Hindus" I replied, "if they were rulers." At this the headmaster smiled and said. "Why don't you say that the Hindus are simply taking revenge for the wrongs done unto them ?

There was a Punjabee assistant to the Station Master. He also befriended me. He brought me from his quarter some food and said apologetically "I could take you to my quarter, but my wife is sick."

There were some Marhatta gentlemen working in the post office that was very near They invited me and treated me with a meal. Another gentleman who lived in the vicinity of the station invited me to a meal. His wife served me and wished me good luck when I left them. I shall never forget these people. During this journey I fully realised the extent of our national life. Whether Hindus or Christians, Mahomedans or Marhattas, Punjabees or Madrasees, Bengalees or Sindhis, we are all Indians, and breathe the same national life. In spite of all the quarrels in the past and at present, we have more sympathy for one another than any other people feel for us or for any of us.

I was once waiting in a railway station in France. I saw a young man casting stealthy glances at me ; but I was doing the same thing. A true but invisible force was drawing us together. He was an Indian from Goa calling himself a Portuguese. He was engaged in Belgium as a student, but went over to London as soon as the world-war started. And now he was on his way to Switzerland to complete his education there if possible. He was penniless and hungry. I at once took him to a restaurant and treated him nicely. In spite of all the seeming differences he was an Indian, and there in France as dear to me as my own brother at home. You never know your countrymen until you get out of your country.

I left Burhanpur with a ticket for Nasik where I approached several gentlemen for help. One lawyer by the name of Patankar looked at me seriously and remarked "You intend to go to America with that blanket and that umbrella ?" But a still better remark was made by the famous lawyer Mr. Khare. It was this—"I think you expect lot of rain on the way to America ?"

I don't remember just how much I collected from Nasik ; but it was enough to buy me a

ticket for Bombay, and leave a balance of about a rupee.

It was midnight when I reached the city of Bombay. I forgot all my sufferings and hardships during the journey when I felt that I was at last in that great city of Bombay—Bono Bay. The name was resounding in my mind. The map of the place was floating before my mental eyes. I seemed to see the steamers along the coast—myself getting into one of them—and then off for the sweet land of liberty.

Getting off at Victoria Terminus I was looking for a place just outside the station to pass the night. A policeman objected to it, and so I kept on walking without knowing the North from the South. I came very near Crawford market and saw some men lying asleep near a corner. I spread my blanket very close to them, and making a pillow of the rest of my belongings, lay down for sleep.

At that hour of night the traffic was nil. The street lamps were casting a very peaceful light. But by far more peaceful were the millions of stars that were twinkling over the city. I had no worry and no anxiety, but on the other hand I was enjoying the thought that I was nearer United States of America.

Next morning the noise of the increasing traffic woke me up. Opening my eyes I saw that Bombay was a great city, and appeared fresh in the morning twilight. I got up and began to look for whatever food and shelter God had provided there for me.

Man is a free creature. Though he gets his power from God he is bound to no master and no fate except the laws of his own evolution and dissolution. He reaps what he sows; but still in times of his distress God comes to him as relatives and friends. In that city, far away from home, I was received by a Bengalee gentleman. He is a great man, and one of my greatest friends in this life, and I beg to pause here just to say a few words about him.

Mr. S. C. Roy is a Brahmin by caste and was born of a very respectable family. His home was near Calcutta. Hard pressed by the unsatisfied needs of life he became a goldsmith in Bombay, and is living a respectable life there with his whole family. In rising India there are countless cases of such heroes who have been bold enough to shake off the bondage of castes and traditions, and leave for their offsprings a better inheritance than they themselves had got; but in most cases

they fail to form an equally great character and leave better traditions behind.

Mr. Roy could marry for money like our so-called educated brothers; but he did not believe in it and hated the very idea. "It is the fallen woman that marries for money" he says, "and if a man hunts for money from his wife he is not any better. Physically they are different, but mentally they are alike and equally fallen."

Mr. Roy does not believe in early marriage, and is a promoter of widow-remarriage. I call him a great man because he practised what he preached. His home in Bombay is hardly without a guest and many men like myself are grateful to him. Mr. Roy had hardly any school-education, but the blacksmith's hammer that he started his career with, and the travels out of Bengal had developed his Aryan soul better than any school education in India could do.

AMONG THE SAILORS.

I was in Bombay over a month. After tiresome search I secured the job of a sailor; but as luck would have it, the steamer was bound for Calcutta. However, I derived consolation from the thought that I would get money for my work, and the trade itself was sure to take me to America only a month sooner or later.

My fellow-workmen including the *Sarang* were all Mahomedans from Chittagong. I told them that I was a Mahomedan and gave myself the name of Abdul Jabbar. Not that I wanted to deceive any body. My purpose was simply to save myself from all the troubles of not being a coreligionist. Moreover, I had no feeling of antagonism towards any religion, and in calling myself a Mahomedan I was as true to myself as in calling myself a Hindu. During my life in America there were not many Sundays in which I did not go to the church, and pray like the Christians.

Our country is a steamer in which we are voyaging through life. Now think of the troubles that would be over, if all the Hindus could call themselves Mahomedans and adopt Mahomedan names, or if all the Mahomedans

could call themselves Hindus and adopt Hindu names.

Religion is too deep a thing and it cannot be changed very easily ; but with most people it is mere parrotry. They will never call themselves by the other religious name ; but their own religion is as far away from them as the North pole is from the South pole.

I made myself a coreligionist with my fellow workmen, but still I could not get over all my troubles. The very first day the *Sarang* called me names that I was never used to. He did not mean any harm, nor had he any idea of their effect on me. I was quite a novice in the duties of a sailor ; and I felt that I must work at least four months before I could show to the *Sarang* that I was a better man. But how to pass these four months ? However, I formed a plan after much consideration and decided to carry it out that very evening.

There was an Indian Christian employed in the steamer as a subordinate officer. His cabin was very close to our berths, though quite separate. When he returned to cabin in the evening I began to talk with him in English. He was surprised, and admitted that I knew more English than he did. But my fellow-workmen

including the *Sarang* were still more surprised. Some of them came near and began to listen. From that time on they used to treat me with great consideration and address me very respectfully; and the *Sarang* himself seemed to be too eager for beginning a life-long friendship.

The steamer waited over three days in the dock, and then without any cargo, was pilotted out into the harbour. I felt a thrill of joy at the prospect of being on the endless sea. But when she steamed out into the open sea, the vessel began to pitch and roll ruthlessly. I became sea-sick within a short time. Every bit of food came out of the stomach, and it was too difficult to put in any new food. Besides the nausea a kind of giddiness made us feel worse. Under all these troubles we were to keep on working just the same. Besides myself there were some five sick men. I felt that if we could not eat, work would stop before long. All of us made efforts to eat, but with very little success. I craved for dry food, but we were given rice and *dal* only. The Christian gentleman proposed to spare, and did spare, some bread and biscuit for me; and after fasting over a day those were the only things that I could eat. On the third day myself and couple of more sailors

were quite exhausted. The second officer saw us lying on the deck like played-out dogs. He knew the cause and did not utter a word. But on the fourth day we began to improve miraculously, and after that no amount of rolling could disturb us any more.

When on the eighth day we landed at Calcutta I had no feeling of joy. I did not lose hope, but it appeared that all my troubles on the way to Bombay did not produce any result. I did not like to show my face to any of my former friends and acquaintances, and began to live secretly among the sailors in Khidirpur.

Sailors generally pack themselves up in very small quarters. They don't know how long they may have to wait and so can't afford to spend more than a few pice a day as house-rent. There are houses in which a sailor pays two pice a day for a sleeping space of five feet by two and a half feet. My case was a little different. I got into the favor of the landlord, and he let me use his own bed.

The sailors' quarter can also be called a gambling den. In spite of the fact that the police surveillance over such places is very strong, gambling is going on almost all the time. The

sound of plenty of money in the pocket seems to give a secret invitation to the habitual gambler. I saw several men on several occasions drawing gambling parties from the streets simply by shaking the money in their pockets. When the parties meet and decide for gambling their faces indicate that they are very sweet friends, but most often they part in a brawl. I once saw two men start gambling in the evening over the roof. It continued all night with great zeal and enmity, and ended in a bloody fight in the next morning.

The inside and outside of a sailor's quarter is generally very filthy. The habit of smoking, chewing, and spitting continually, is the main cause of it. The Indian sailors pass their time most lazily. If they start talking they are sure to make lot of noise, and oftentimes it will end in angry and defying words.

As far as my observation goes, the Indian sailors are better-brained people than the European seamen. The latter starts with some education and deal in their own language ; while the former are entirely illiterate, and deal by signs and broken words. After a little practical training the Indians form better sailors, and are now replacing Europeans on many sea-routes.

The main reason for this is the system of life and education in Europe. There the brainy people take to better occupations ; and generally the unfit and the unemployed care for the grievous sea life. But in India certain class of intelligent, but illiterate people fall into this marine line while aimlessly looking for an honest livelihood.

I cannot but feel for our poor Indian sailor. God gave them eyes to see, and brains to think, but they never learnt their use to the full extent. Let me please cite here some more interesting cases about sailors.

While in England, I met four young ex-sailors of Eastern Bengal. They were dressed up like Europeans, but were quite illiterate and vain. They would not even talk with me, but I did not mind addressing them, no matter, what they might think.

As sailors they came in touch with different countries and felt that they would make big profit if they could buy in India and sell abroad, specially in America. With this intention they tried to land in New York ; but the embarkation officer opposed them and sent them back to England. Just about that time the world-war started. They told me that they were now

getting ready to go to South America. I told them that it was dangerous, because there might be German raiders in the Atlantic. They laughed and said that Germany would not do them any harm, as they were Mahomedans ; and if they were shot at, or were taken prisoners, all they would have to do was to send a telegraph to the Sultan of Turkey. He was sure to take full measures against Germany if the latter did not make full compensation. I thought it wise to agree with them and go away, and I did so.

While in Italy I met three sailors of the same type. They had no money and no friend to go to. They had approached the British Consul, but could not make their case understood. They saw me, and they needed my help, and still it was I who addressed them first. I don't know whether it was timidity or inability that kept them from approaching me.

All throughout my life abroad I realised that I get seizures of fraternal lunacy whenever I see a countryman. I talk to him no matter what may be his worth or occupation ; and if that day I had not spoken to them they might have been in the worst plight. At first they would not talk, but after I started talking, all of them began to talk at the same time. I am a Bengalee,

and they too were Bangalees; and still they could not make their case clear to me. Their case, as they put it, was more or less as follows:—they were put on the shore of Italy or Genoa, and told to wait for another steamer of the same company, but they were given no food allowance and their account has not been settled. They mentioned the name of another firm that owed them several months' pay. They pronounced the names of steamers and shipping companies so badly that I could not make anything worth noting out of them. Again, three of them telling the same thing one after another represented three different things. I felt within myself that the British Consul must have had a terrible job when these worthy citizens had gone to him.

I took them to a cheap restaurant out of pity, and treated them with a dinner. They then asked me to write an application for them to the British Consul. I did it, but very unwillingly; for I did not quite believe everything they said, and their statements were not consistent enough to be written down.

The Consul, as I expected, could not do anything for them. They came to my hotel the very next day, and I had to receive them into my room quite against the dictates of prudence.

They were all smokers, and one of them used to keep the pipe in his mouth even while talking. He began to spit all around. I did not like to wound his feeling, nor did I wish to let the maid think that the Indians are very filthy. Within half an hour's time the table-cloth, the floor and even the wall got marks of their presence in the room. I advised them to give up smoking in their present condition. One of them replied that it was tobacco that had so long kept their body and soul together. I was forced at last to send them out politely without any invitation to come again. I did not want the maid to see the stains, and I had to clean them myself. After this I never allowed them into my room again, though I had to help them until I was able to put them into a steamer run by Indian crews.

They wanted to lodge a complaint against the British Consul in the Italian Police station. I prevented that, and thus deprived the Italian police of the fun they might have enjoyed. But while bidding me farewell they again asked me how it would be to inform the Calcutta police that the Consul in Italy did not help them. I said that it would be very nice. They seemed to be very glad at the answer, but I don't think they ever did it.

I had a trunk with nose and eyes; and it travelled with me for four years. To expect any good thing from these illiterate sailors is to ask my trunk if it has become any wiser after the travels.

Considering the status of living, the shipping companies pay the sailors well. But they get the worst remuneration just the same. The intelligent *Sarang* and his clever assistants get a good portion of their wages; and in many steamers some part of them reaches even the European captain.

This kind of oppression is being done not only on the sailors, but on the *Kulis* in many mills in Calcutta and Bombay. No particular man or men can be held responsible for these things. When a case of bribery is analysed some portion of the blame falls even on the country that does not care to solve the problems of unemployment and wages. When a bad man enters the house, don't put all the blame on him at once. The wife might have called him. And if a wife goes astray, the real culprit may be the husband.

I know of a very interesting case of collecting bad money, and I beg to cite it here. Several men came to inspect a grocery in Calcutta. The

oil was just opened out of a new tin, and the so-called doctor accidentally admitted that the oil was good ; but a fine for bad oil was imposed on the grocer just the same. The poor man cried out for justice, and almost fell at the feet of the august gentleman. It seemed that the inspector had a heart and was moved. He gave a kind but imperial reply. "My dear friend," he said, "Every one has to be fined once in a while ; for it is this money that runs the whole Department."

The Crown cannot be held responsible for this kind of injustice ; but when I advised that grocer to file a suit in the court, he actually said "If the Crown is determined to do injustice what can we do ?" He mentioned the name of another grocer who had gone to the court simply to lose more money.

We talk so much of Self-Government, and it may be given ; for with the British Parliamentary Government controlling India, such a thing is not quite impossible. But if we do not make early provision for mass education, unless we can create healthy and strong public opinion, unless we are fully willing to do justice to our fellow citizens, and unless we are ready to war against common injustice, and uphold common welfare, we are

likely to come to grief. A proverb says that a thrashing machine thrashes even in heaven ; but remember that if there is not much use for it there, it will rust and rot.

I saw sailors' club house in America which is an ideal rest-room as well as a school. Seamen crave to go on the shore whenever there is a chance ; but it is difficult for them to pass their time there, and many of them are carried away by the current of vices. The great men saw this, and started club-houses for sailors ; and such institutions have been doing to the sailors the same service as Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have been doing to the young men and women in the great Western cities that are full of temptations.

I was once present in a sailor's club-house in Boston. Its walls were beautifully decorated by nicely framed pictures that cannot but interest the sailors. There were the world's map with the ocean routes, ice-berg in a stormy sea, grounded steamer with hills in sight, sun-rise, and sun set on the sea, whales, crocodiles, and varieties of steamers, and sea animals, and so on. There were also a pool table and a library with a lecture hall or reading room attached to it. I once heard a preacher preach there. Among many things he

said "The vicissitudes of life are like the waves of the sea. When they toss you up and down, you don't care; for you have faith in the steamer; so have faith in God, and nothing will trouble you."

I feel that we ought to have similar institutions all over the country. There is more money scattered in the country than we require for them. With energy and will nothing remains undone through lack of funds. When our forefathers came into this land they had no money. All they had was a will. They simply thought with their brains, and worked with their hands, and got whatever they wanted.

Now coming back to our point, I had to wait in Calcutta nearly three months. I again became penniless, and had to look for some means of livelihood. I wanted and got a job that I could give up at any time, and that could not prevent me from going to the docks or the shipping house whenever I wanted. It was selling newspapers in the streets.

In those days *Shandhya* had the greatest circulation in Calcutta. Far from selling *Shandhya* I could not even enter their compound. I met a pressman near the door and told him just what I wanted. He asked me for some

reference so that they might consider my fitness for becoming their news-boy. *Shandhya* was a tremendous success, and I think it is worth while to consider why it rose so high, and why very few persons regretted its fall.

The Editor of *Shandhga* was to some extent a mystic character. Very few men knew his exact faith. Many people thought that he was a Christian; but his red garment, and simple appearance always appealed to the conservative Hindus. He mixed and talked with every one; and this enabled him to gain the favor of the young men who were lost to the moderate party. But the main cause of his success was the appeal he used to make to the worst trait of Indian character. There is a Chinese puzzle the meaning of which is—"I see no evil, I hear no evil, and I talk no evil." But the business of *Shandhya* was to see evil, to hear evil, and to talk evil. These are things that entertain the people of Bengal in particular more than anything else.

Shandhya supported the national ideas, no doubt; but it was like passing steam into an old and worn-out engine without any overhauling. It burnt the driver, burnt the greaser, and caused havoc among the spectators.

One of Shandhya's aims was to create a hatred against the English. His articles on "Feeringee" used to amuse and entertain the thoughtless public; but the Editor entirely forgot that hatred is a destructive force, and that love of freedom is a very short-lived thing unless inspired by noble desires.

Nabashakti was another paper that was just coming up. I was able to purchase several copies of this daily every day, and sell them where I did not expect to meet any friend or acquaintance; but in spite of all these precautions I could not evade a class-friend of Rajshahi College. He invited me to his mess, and I had to pass the next night with him. He knew my plan, and also what I was waiting for in Khidderpur, and gave me lot of encouragement.

I used to sell *Nabashakti* only in the afternoon, and was still able to make from four to six annas. This gave me a new experience. There are many news-boys in Calcutta who make more than a rupee a day; but my idea was that they never make more than four annas. I kept on living on that scanty income until I was ready for that long voyage.

I don't remember the date, but it was a great day in my life when I became engaged as a

coal-passer in the Drachenfels of Hamburg-American line. She was bound for New York, and was carrying wood and many other things for America as well as many places on the way. I was intensely glad, and with the Indian sky, and Indian landscape, before my physical eyes, I was seeing myself under the American sky, and among the American people; but when the steamer came out of the dock and began to move down the Hoogly river I had an attack of sadness. I was at that time busy inside the hull and could not see the outside world. By and by the steamer began to speed up, and I felt that we were in the Bay. On the pretext of going to the latrine, I came up and stood on the deck. She was then a long way out in the gulf. The dear land was receding, and sinking into the ocean bed. I had a feelling that I do not find words to express with. Tears rushed into my eyes. My feet seemed to give way under my weight. I thought of mother, father, brothers, sisters, and many others; and for the first time in my life I felt that India was my mother-land, and that I loved her as dearly as my own mother. When I left Bombay by steamer I did not feel like this; and it was because I was not going away from India. You don't

know your mother until you are out of the womb.

History shows that the sea-bound and small peoples are generally very patriotic. It is simply because most of them get out of their country, and many of them many times. The whole nation is thus able to distinguish and differentiate the motherland, and thus become attached to her. Once you know your motherland it does not matter whether she is pretty or ugly, prosperous or poor : it does not matter whether you own anything there or not : it does not matter whether your brothers and sisters want you or not : it does not matter how many times she wronged you and whipped you ; you are always ready to overlook her faults and love her.

It was in this steamer that for the first time in my life I came in close touch with the Europeans. The officers, the engineers, and the deck sailors were all from Germany and farther North. All of them could talk English to a certain extent ; and a couple of sailors became very chummy with me. One of them undertook to teach me German. He said that it was very easy, though on account of my defective eyes I was not encouraged and could not seize the opportunity. The other friend was a very

devoted husband, and showed me his wife's photo, and explained in English many of her letters.

The Germans think that the Indians are a very timid and wild race of people, and have no aspiration to any higher things. The whole of the Christian world think in the same way, and the exceptions are those that have come in touch with the intellectual, industrial and historical India. It was an Englishman who asked me if the Hindus eat up their old parents. Among the ordinary Englishmen there is a common way of judging the Indians. They say that one Englishman is equal to more than ten Indians, because thirty millions of the former are ruling over the three hundred millions of the latter.

Though the English and the Germans belong to the same race there is a fundamental difference between the two. The average Englishman is very religious, and is disinclined to do a wrong thing. He tries to justify his deeds under all circumstances, and has great faith in the art of preaching.

Looking through the English history and their present society I ascribed the origin of this distinctive trait of character to three different things; and I believe that this trait of English character went a long way in raising them to

the high place among nations that they are occupying now.

Church is the greatest and noblest institution in Christiandom, and as a matter of fact it has renderred greater service to England and New England than to any other Christian country. During the age of Puritanism the doctrines of righteousness were preached in every church, and they touched the heart of every English man and woman. This actually brought about a change in English character; and the desire to live for the right became a common English inheritance.

The second thing is a social institution in England and America. Its educational and moral value cannot be overestimated, or clearly conveyed in words. So let me first tell a story in order to make the thing clearer.

Peter and Polly belonged to the same school. He was a promising boy of a poor father; and she was the charming daughter of an wealthy man.

Peter loved her, but could not dare to tell it to any one in the world. He simply sought her acquaintance and got it. Polly liked him, and her parents too liked him; for he was always attractive, and he always behaved well.

As time went on they grew up into young man and woman. She gave up schooling, and he went to College. But the boyish love had become a part of his soul and he was determined to *conquer* her. He wrote to her, but she never gave a reply.

Some three months later Peter met Polly as she was coming out of a store with a few little things in her hand. After the first greeting, Peter said 'Can I carry these for you ?" Polly was struck by the invisible thing conveyed in the tone. She looked up, and in her temporary puzzle handed over the things to him.

That night Polly had hardly any sleep, for she felt that she had almost committed herself into an unthought-of course of action.

A month later Polly was in a dance. Peter arranged to be present there and sought Polly. He saw her hand in hand with another young man, and received a terrible shock ; but he composed himself into his usual flushed-up appearance and approached them. He talked to both of them, and appeared as natural ; and as soon as the dance was starting he stepped aside. That evening Peter never had a chance to dance with Polly ; and when at the end, the former came to say good-night, the latter noticed that

he was love-sick. He hid the symptoms from every one except from Polly.

Next day Peter met Polly at her home. His purpose was, he said, to see if he could get any help for Y. M. C. A. from her father. But Polly knew the whole thing. They were two great enemies—Peter on the offensive, and Polly on the defensive. The fight was going on right before the parents, but they had not the most distant idea of it, and even then they took Peter as the fine and innocent boy who sits in the corner of the drawing-room and does nothing, but to entertain with his good behaviour and good talk.

The following night Polly told her mother the whole thing and asked her advice. The latter advised her not to give him the least encouragement.

Polly was again in another dance, and Peter arranged to be present there, and sought out Polly. The latter evaded him, but when at the end the former came to say good-bye Polly could not help being courteous. There was a peculier shaking in her utterance of good-night.

This aroused the suspicion of Polly's friend who was a rich young man and who began to feel that a big opponent was confronting him.

One day in course of a vehement talk with her against Peter, he said that he would *kill* him if necessary. This very off-hand utteranee formed a dividing line between these two friends, and Peter conquered Polly before another year was out.

Now this system of marriage by courtship and long acquaintance forms an wonderful institute for training in self-control, patience, forbearance, forgiveness, and diplomacy. Almost all Englishmen and Americans get a practical training in this school, the like of which does not exist anywhere else in the world. Under the most trying circumstances they can appear natural. They practise how to appear as a friend before a deadly enemy. Many of our Indian graduates do not know how to entertain, how to receive, or how to give an interview to a friend or a stranger. It is simply because we have no school for training in these things.

Now this social institute and the Church helped in the growth and development of the third thing which is the British Parliament. Outsiders have not got a clear idea of the amount of self-control and patience necessary for success in that great House. There man cuts man's throat without any weapon, enemies

address each other as friends, and greatest revolutions take place without blood-shed. To be a British Premier is to harness many enemies in the Commons first, and rule the country afterwards.

The Germans, however are roughly straightforward. They will do a thing if they like, and will not care to justify or to explain their action. They cling to their primitve idea of "prowess" which they call noble, but the English call it brutal.

We, Indians, feel that all powerful nations want India, because she is very rich in her human and material resources. This idea is entirely erroneous. There are many other countries just as rich, but no power dares or thinks to interfere in them. The truth in a nutshel is that after studying our social and political conditions, the conquering minds realise that it is very easy to conquer India, and easier still to hold. This is a temptation that India offers, and this is entirely her own fault. After visiting defenceless London as a guest of England, the great German general Blucher is rumoured to have said "What a place to plunder !" but in his deliberate moment he must have thought of the British navy, and must have dreaded the idea.

You may go to Paris which is a rich and very beautiful city, and study the conditions; you will forget all about conquests and be inspired with a great admiration for the people.

The second morning in the steamer I was put to cleaning the engine room floor. The second engineer who was on duty then, came to me from the rear, and gave me a knock on the back. Turning back I saw him in a saluting posture. "Salaam" he uttered with a natural look on his face. I said "Good morning," and he went away.

The engineer did not mean any harm, and he was simply imposing on me a discipline which is very beneficial. I had no idea of it, and most of our people have no idea of it even now. We, people of Bengal, in particular, lack in business discipline more than any other province of India.

In many countries discipline and order make the shops, factories, and offices just as pleasant as home. The fellow-workmen will come to work and express good wishes, and after a day's toil part in the same way. Salutation is the cleanest, quickest, and the best method of showing good wishes. But in a business organisation it is more expressive. It must come first from the subordinate; for it means

readiness to obey besides good will. I have seen cases even in civil life where subordinates were promoted to superiors, and the very next day the former superiors gave very hearty salutes to the former subordinates. It is not possible to organise or to cooperate without discipline and obedience. In society "no salutation" means at the worst simply lack of etiquette, but in a business organisation it means lack of discipline which is a crime.

The policy of the second engineer was to keep the Indians in perpetual terror, and get the greatest amount of work out of them. But he never beat or abuse any Indian ; but the Indian *Sarang* in order to show his ability, not only used to strike with hand whomsoever he dared, but used to abuse and create a row. One day in Port Said the steamer was anchored, and the engine was cleaned. The shift engineer, however, complained that the cleaning was not good. Really there were some marks of oil on the crank. The *Sarang* showed to be enraged and began to abuse every body. He ran around in the engine room and began to push some of the men towards the work very harshly. He caught hold of his own brother and was almost strangling him. Then making a virtue of necessity he

rushed into the boiler room. He pretended that he was going to punish the rest of the men ; but in truth, he wanted to get away before any one rebelled against him. The Germans enjoyed the sight very much, and laughed boisterously. An English foreman cannot, and will not behave so harshly among his English workmen. Even an English father, unless he is drunk, will not behave so high-handedly in his family. It is from this kind of scenes that the foreigners learn to maltreat Indians. You must not expect from others the respect that you deny to your own fellowmen.

It was a peculier incident that introduced me to the Captain. While we were voyaging over the Midland Sea I insisted on my fellow-workmen's facing Eastward while praying. They hesitated, and so I was forced to take them to the Captain who agreed with me that from the position of the steamer Mecca was in the East. I had a little more talk with him. He divined my purpose for accepting an ordinary job in the steamer, and smilingly declared that I was making a big profit from my job.

One of the best characteristics of the Germans, I noticed, is love of work. While we, Indians, used to kill our leisure time lazily, the German

sailors used to make varieties of little things with wood, iron, and steel. One of them made a beautiful steamer about two feet long, and when he painted it at the expense of the shipping company it looked like a finished picture. In any market, it will sell for twenty rupees. I asked him if he would sell it. "No," he replied "this will be a present to my baby on the Christmas to come." I saw the same characteristic in the Chinamen. I did not in the least wonder, when I met in a steamer a Chinaman and his wife who had travelled around the world without any mentionable previous fund. Whether in the steamer, train, or rented house, they used to work everywhere making paper toys and little wooden things. They made every place they happened to pass through their market, and were thus able to see the world on paper toys.

No one can say or says that Indians are not good and skilful workers. But here too castes stand against our training. With hands we can't work, and with brains we can't think. We are tied down like prisoners ; and in those early days when the Germans learnt the use of tools, use of materials, and method of work, we passed our time simply by flying kites, winding top, or by preparing tobacco for the elderly men.

The steamer anchored before Algiers in Northern Africa, and we were unloading some goods. A circumstance occurred at this time which was to me like a bolt from the blue, and which I shall never forget. The second engineer followed by the *Sarang* and his brother, rushed to me and demanded an answer. Not long ago, that brother was working among us, though not with me. His bruised hand was bleeding. Nobody there knew how and when it happened; but it is certain that his hand was badly caught somewhere while working. In order to save himself from abuses, and any explanation regarding his foolishness, he told the *Sarang* that I had purposely pushed a big case against his hand. The *Sarang* at once went to the Engineer, and the Engineer at once came down to enquire. I replied that I did not know anything. From my total ignorance of the fact, and no one coming forward as witness, the Engineer concluded that I was not guilty and went away.

While working in General Electric Co. of America at Pittsfield an exactly similar thing happened. A Scottish lad had stopped a motor quite unwarrantedly. We thought that he was simply curious. But when brought to task by

the foreman, he said that I had ordered him to do that. But I did not know anything about it until the testing current was off. If man to man were just, innumerable causes of sorrow would have never visited this earth; and in spite of deaths and diseases this world would have been a heaven. In caste-bound India we are not, and cannot be just; and neither God nor nations will do us the justice that we deny to our fellowmen.

When the steamer was passing through the Gibraltar, the Western key of the Mediterranean sea, we felt very cold, but still we could not help coming out of the berths for seeing the land on both sides. The Strait is quite narrow with high rocks on the Spanish coast. In spite of all the name and importance of Gibraltar a mountaineous silence was reigning over the area; and the only sign of life there were several columns of smoke that were trying to rise up, but were being blown away by the wind. A German said that those smokes were from the British battle-ships.

We faced a very stormy weather in the Atlantic. The sails were put up for utilising the favourable winds, and the steamer was running faster than before. It was not raining

except once in a while; but the decks were wet all the time. High waves struck against the sides and splashed up higher than the top roof. The heavily laden steamer, while pitching, appeared like plunging, and the lower deck was almost all the time under water. Sometimes fishes were thrown with water on board the steamer, but we never tried to catch them for fear of being struck down by the next wave.

IN THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

It was a slightly cold November afternoon when we caught the first sight of the American coast. My joy knew no bounds. After my duties were done, I took a hasty bath, and a hasty meal, and then went up on the roof of the fore-castle. It was dark at that time, and I could not see anything worth telling. Next morning when we got up the steamer was at anchor by the side of a tiny island. Some Americans came and made us land there. "Hurry up" said one of them. These hustlers must have found us too slow. They disinfected the steamer and also ourselves, and then their work was done.

The following night the steamer was in Boston harbour, and were being pilotted into the dock. I went up on the fore-castle and began to see. In front of us stood the great city of Boston with its sky partly illuminated by the countless lights that were glowing peacefully. It was getting colder, and after some twenty minutes of stay there, I could not help going down into our room. That evening I was thinking nothing but the history of Boston ; and when everyone

was sleeping peacefully, I got up and wrote a few lines as follows :—

1. Is this the land, and this the town,
Where England bravely fought,
In hopes of America's Crown;
But beaten bad got naught ?
Boston, thou of world-wide renown,
Hast been my dream and thought.

2. I knew thee, Oh holy City,
When I was a mere boy.
I love thee, and thy deeds mighty,
For they my fears destroy,
Thou symbol of love and duty,
Sweet peace and harmless joy.

3. Thou harbinger of freedom true,
And of a culture new,
In the world where despotism grew
And seeds of evils sow,
Let me embrace thee, Oh, please do,
With all reverence due.

The following morning was a bright day, and not very cold. The steamer was inside the dock and the sailors were making arrangements for landing some goods. I went out of the steamer barefooted, and a crowd of men

gathered around me. They wondered how I could stay and walk without shoes on. One of them asked me what was my salary. When I mentioned twelve Rupees a month, he whistled and said that he would make that much in half the day. Another fellow seemed to be very much interested in me. He asked me to give him something to remember me by. But I had nothing to give.

The following evening after sun-set I went out into the town. On the way I was accosted by many men who had seen me in and out of the steamer. I could not but admire these people for their sociability. I went into a sailor's club, and I have already told about this wonderful institute. When inside the city, I was simply dazzled by the sight. The finely dressed people, the well-decorated shops, the neat and clean streets, the finely-built tram-cars, rows of pretty girls walking leisurely and laughing happily, the countless lights burning brightly, and the display of goods and advertisement by electric flash light, all these made it appear to me like the Fairyland that I had long dreamed of.

A couple of days later we entered the New York Harbour. There stood the grand Statue of

Liberty, silent but sublime. This was one of the best piece of sculpture that I ever saw, and it proclaims louder than anything else the lofty ideas that the Americans can conceive and their ability to give those ideas a practical life.

As soon as the steamer entered some dock in Brooklyn, I began to prepare to desert her. I did not possess a suit of clothes, not even a pair of shoes. I had a heavy sailor's sweater and a pair of trousers. I put them on, and borrowed a cap from one sailor, and a pair of old slippers from another. These were all that I had on when I first landed in Brooklyn.

It was a cold November morning. A thick fall of snow at night had whitened the city; and now the rush of traffic was making the streets a little muddy. Leaving the steamer I had gone only about hundred yards when I felt that my slippers were of little use to me. Too much water went inside, that was splashing out at every step. However, it did not take me long to find out that the only way to prevent my feet from being benumbed was to take quick steps.

I read long before that there was a Vedanta Society in New York city. I wanted to find it out. I asked several men around the docks,

but they could not give me any information. After much consideration I felt certain that the men in the educational line were sure to know about it. There must be lot of schools scattered over the city ; and my first problem was to go to the nearest one, and enquire about the Society.

Accordingly I asked a passer-by if there was any school in the neighbourhood.

"Go three blocks straight ahead, and then turn to your left. There you will see a big gate. That's a Grammar School."

The man was in a hurry. I understood all the words he uttered except the word "block," and this made the direction partly unintelligible. But I followed the word "ahead," and before long I saw in a street to the left some children streaming out through a partly closed gate. I went there, and the children stared at me very strangely. I asked one of them about the Principal's office. "Upstairs," he pointed, and two boys began to push the gate open very energetically. Another boy rushed forward, and held open the main front door of the school building. Was not this a too grand reception for me ? I thanked the children, and went upstairs. There was a signboard indicating the

Principal's office. I peeped inside and saw a young lady of about 25 years of age.

"Is the Principal here?" I asked. She stared at me with a frown between her fine brows, and said—

"No, he is out for his lunch."

"Is there any other teacher to whom I could talk?"

"Wait a minute," she replied and went away.

A minute later a gentleman appeared before me and asked what I wanted. He was a middle-aged and medium sized Professor with a pair of unusually large mustaches. He appeared to me rather peculiar with them; for most of the Americans that I met so far had clean-shaved faces. He was really a peculiar American, and I shall talk more of him afterwards.

I gave him a clear idea of myself, and then asked him for the address of the Vedanta Society.

"I don't think" he replied "it will be difficult for an intelligent young man like you to get a job and push on in this country."

"I don't know," he began after a thoughtful pause, "the address of Vedanta Society; but I can find it out for you."

He again paused pensively and then continued "I know a gentleman who is looking for a young man like you. I shall ask him for you."

When he uttered the last words he looked up at me very hopefully and added "I tell you what you can do. You come to me in the afternoon, say between 4 and 5 P. M., and I shall let you know. In the meantime I shall find out the address of the Vedanta Society also." I agreed and departed respectfully.

I came back to that office exactly at 4·30 P.M. and was in the same dress as in the morning. The Professor welcomed me and offered me a chair. At first I hesitated to sit on a footing of equality with him, but afterwards I accepted it and thanked him.

In America there are all conditions of life, as in any other country; but there is hardly any lines of demarkation, and again they do not apply to young men whose future is still uncertain. A young man from the poorest and humblest family may rise to the highest place that American society offers; and no one will cry him down on account of his birth. American history furnishes many brilliant examples like that. So the great rule that all men are *born equal* holds true in the United States of America

no matter what status their accomplishments may entitle them to.

There was a young lady doing some office work in the same room. This made the Professor ask me to take off my cap. I obeyed him at once.

"You must take off your hat before a lady" he said smilingly.

It is a pity that in our Eastern countries we have no sign or mark to show our regards to women; and if we analyse their position and compare it with that of European or American women we can not but doubt the existence of anything like regard for women. Indian women occupy the worst position among the women of the world. They have no rights to speak of, and in all public and private matters they are put to an inferior position. It may appear all right to those who are still in the womb of the country, but to others it is horrible.

The civilisation of a country is like a tree in the garden of God: customs and manners are the leaves and characteristics: the children are the buds: the young men and women are the flowers: the adults are the branches: and the fruits are the deeds of the country. If these are true, where will our country stand in comparison?

Coming back to our point, the Professor told me that the gentleman was not yet ready to fill up the post. "But you must not be discouraged", he added, "Here is the address of the Vedanta Society. I think they will be able to do something for you."

I took the slip of paper, and after reading it, admitted that I understood the directions well. He then sat up, and asked "Have you got the money? It will cost you ten cents only. If you have not got it, I will give you."

I offered him many thanks and admitted that I had a little money.

"All right then!" he said and gave me his home address in writing. "Let me know" he continued, "if you find anything through the Society; for I shall try to help you."

If this man is a type of middle-class Americans, who will wonder that the Americans would beat all other nations in most aspects of human activities? He was not a countryman of mine nor a relative, but still he did not like to see me discouraged. This is a predominating American characteristic. They may not be able to help, but they will never discourage a young man in his honest activities. The Professor likes adventure, and the activities for progress. He was

pleased to hear that I wanted to stay in America and learn something useful. He hated those that were inactive and void of ambition. That is why he was so kind to me.

Leaving the Professor's office, I started directly for the Vedanta Society. The directions were clear, and I had not the slightest difficulty. First of all, I took the elevated train, and landed across the famous Brooklyn bridge.

The grandeur, the hustle and hurry, the noise of traffic, and the engineering of Brooklyn bridge require a volume to be written in. The Americans love work, but they never forget to do it better and faster. Some people after seeing a piece of work will only criticise it; there are others who will imitate it; but the American characteristic is to improve upon it. There are more varieties of broom, the ordinary cleaning instrument, in the United States of America than in any other parts of the globe. The Brooklyn bridge, though fundamentally the same, has been all the time improving. This is the second notable piece of American engineering that I passed through, the elevated railway being the first; and if I travelled in the country the whole of my life, only in seeing the great engineering works, it is doubtful if I would ever come to the end.

Leaving the bridge, I went down under ground and took a Subway Express Train. I noticed that I was an object of attraction ; but no one appeared unsympathetic. I asked one person for some information ; but there were many to do me the favour. A little girl, seated across, gave a shivering to her body and uttered the word 'cold" looking at me in the smiling American way. She thought that I did not know English ; and her desire was to know how I could stand the cold. I could not answer her question, as I was about to get off. I simply nodded at her smiling ly and hurried out as soon as the train stopped.

I reached the Vedanta Society ; but I did not know how to send a signal inside the house. As a matter of protection from cold, all doors and windows are closed airtight, and most often it is simply impossible to make the inmates hear your voice from outside. There are generally some mechanical or electrical arrangement for ringing from outside a bell fixed inside the house. In addition to this there are in many houses a system of tubical connections through which you can talk from outside with the other party situated somewhere inside.

I had to wait outside until some one guessed that somebody was knocking at the door and

admitted me inside. I was very cold by that time. My hands seemed to be freezing ; and my lips were almost beyond my control for correct pronunciation.

It was Miss Elise Kissam who opened the door for me. She is a type of flying Miss-American. I shall talk more of her later on. I enquired about Swami Avedananda, but she gave me the answer in such a manner that I could hardly understand anything. Her words flew too fast for me, and perhaps I was equally slow for her. She fluttered and prattled like an actress on the stage. This was the art among the better class of women in those days. But I was not fit to appreciate it. I troubled her with repeated questions, until I understood that Swami Avedananda was out lecturing somewhere in Brooklyn, and that Swami Paramananda was in. Then I requested to see Swami Paramananda. At this Elise fetched me a piece of paper and pencil, and asked me to write my name and business. I obeyed her with great difficulty ; for my hands were still stiff, and I could hardly steady the pencil.

A couple of minutes later, I was received by the Swami very kindly. I told him my circumstances, and also the reasons that made me

disregard all obstacles. The Swami was very considerate, and explained that he was unable to receive me in the Society, though he promised to help me in every possible way. "I shall give you the address of some of our students," he said, "and I think you can arrange to live with them." He rose in order to get paper and pencil, and it happened that a Bengalee student had just come to see him. I was introduced to him at once. I went away with the student; and while bidding us farewell the Swami said "If you decide to stop here, come to me at once. I shall give you all the necessary clothings."

Next day I left the steamer at night. The *Sarang*, my companions, and many of the Germans, knew it; but I did not get a chance to say good-bye to most of them.

As already arranged, I came to live with the students, and they were very kind to me. A bed was lying ready for me long before I came. So as soon as I arrived, all that I had to do was to undress and lie down. I fell into sleep at once; and when I awoke early in the morning, the thought that I was at last in the land of my dream dawned upon me with great relief. My mind at once travelled back through the subway,

across the Brooklyn bridge, over the elevated train, across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean, through the Suez, across the Indian Ocean, back to India, my mother country. It must be evening at home, I thought, and mother must be preparing the evening meal.

Mr. Roy got up, and began to hustle up to attend his duties in time. He simply sprang out of bed, jumped into his pants, washed up, dressed up, looked through the mirror, brushed up his hair, and rushed out. Mr. Das and myself got up almost about the same time. He was learning dentistry working under a private doctor, and so it was not so necessary for him to hustle up like Mr. Roy. A few minutes later there came two Indians who lived somewhere else, and who knew that I was coming. Each of them brought me something from their clothings. One of them gave me a good hair-cut, and then after taking a bath I began to dress up. With somebody's shoes, somebody's suit, some one's collar and tie, and some other's shirt, I became a passable gentleman within a short time. However, it was a mistake on my part, as well as on the part of my friends, that I should dress up as a gentleman with a collar and tie. I shall talk about it later on.

That first morning I went out with one Mr. Dutt for breakfast. Being rid of the first problem of housing myself I just began to take thoughtful notice of the surrounding things.

The weather was bad. It was snowing every now and then ; and the city under a layer of snow appeared fresh and spotless like a morning flower. The traffic was rushing on just as usual. The business streets were getting crowded with motor cars and carriages. The elevated trains were running on one after another, proclaiming, as it were, the ability of the American engineers. The human element added unto all these, there was formed a living scenery that I could not help admiring with all my heart and soul.

We entered a restaurant and took two seats. The waiters were hustling around. The proprietor, standing behind the cash register close to the entrance, was receiving money as well as watching everything silently. "Irish Stew" cried out one waiter as soon as he got the order. Irish Stew" responded the cook from the kitchen below. "Hamburger Steak" cried out another waiter. "Hamburger Steak" responded the cook. According to the responses dishes after dishes were coming up continuously by an elevator. The arrangement was simply magical. The orders

and responses of the waiters and the cooks were not loud, but deep and strong. One waiter rushed to us, and asked with a very pleasant and smiling face "What please ?"

His eyes surveyed our faces quickly ; and guessing that we were still undecided, he poured out half a dozen names of ready dishes—but all in whispers and in a very obliging way.

We ordered for two dishes, and they came to us almost in a minute. I did not know how to use the knife and the fork ; but my friend came to my help. He guided me from across the table by signs and whispers.

After breakfast I took leave of my companion, and started on foot for the Vedanta Society. From the 23rd. Street I turned into Broadway, and after a long journey turned into the 82nd. Street. From there the Society was quite near.

This time I met Swami Avedananda. He is a very jolly and encouraging man. It was dinner time, and I sat down to eat with him at his request. He saw my difficulties in using the fork, and said "Use your hand freely."

I obeyed him ; but there was an American waitress who was struggling to suppress her laughter over this.

"Don't laugh at him," said Swami Avedananda smilingly. "He loves all the men, women, and children of America. He came here to see them working his way over many seas."

The girl pressed her apron over her mouth and disappeared into the pantry.

Swami Avedananda gave me two dollars without my asking, and promised to regard my case as that of his own brother. Swami Paramananda gave me enough clothes to last the whole winter and the next summer. I was very highly pleased and returned with them.

Next day I made the acquaintance of my great friend and benefactor, late Mr. Myron H. Phelps of New York. He was a lawyer by profession, and had inherited money as well as property. I heard that he was married, and that his wife was alive. But he ceased to live with her. Why, nobody could tell; and in spite of my close intimacy with him I never asked him anything about his private affairs.

Mr. Phelps was a very truthful character; and his courtesies never went beyond the true and proper limit. He was intensely sympathetic, and possessed a soft oriental heart. But typical with his race he had a wonderful power of self control. I felt that somewhere in his

worldly life he received a terrible shock, and lost his worldly ambition, and anything that promised a good hereafter attracted his worried soul.

I met him in a parlour belonging to some New Yorker whose name I have forgotten. He looked a strong, tall and muscular man. After I was introduced with a fair recitation of my past, he shook hands with me and asked me to sit down. "I guess" he said pleasantly, "it is a very difficult problem to get a job now-a-days. Many of our young men are out in the streets." He rubbed his forehead and added "I will see what I can do for you."

Next morning just after I left my bed I heard some one knocking at the door. I wondered who it could be! It was only 6 A. M. at that time. Mr. Roy had gone to work, and Mr. Das, to his school. There was one Mr. Sarker who had come to us the day before, and was still lying in bed. He thought that some Indian friend had come and responded "Come in".

The door opened, and I saw the tall and venerable figure of Mr. Phelps. He had not forgotten me. I received him very gladly, and begged pardon for our untidy condition. Then I introduced Mr. Sarker who expressed great delight in meeting him.

Mr. Phelps gave both of us an invitation to his home in New Jersey. Mr. Sarker had come to America some eight months before, and knew New York pretty well. A time and a place were appointed between them for our meeting in the afternoon, and then the lawyer bid us good-bye.

We met Mr. Phelps at the appointed place, and exactly at the appointed time. After the usual courtesies we followed him, and were soon on a wooden floor with many benches permanently bolted down. We sat down, and I thought that we were simply waiting there. So it was not a small surprise to me when the whole floor began to shake, and I found out instantly that we were in the ferry steamer. She pulled out of her berth, and was soon ploughing the ever-ruffled waters of the Hudson. There were countless steamers, small as well as big, and hardly a minute passed without some warning or meaningful whistle. The Hudson between New York and New Jersey seemed to be as busy as the Broadway Street.

The deck of the ferry and the pier is so nicely harmonised, and levelled up that embarking and disembarking is just like going out of one part of the floor to another.

Leaving the ferry we entrained at once ; and it was not until darkness that we landed on a lonely platform without any house. Then we walked about 200 yards to a lonely two-storied wooden building surrounded by whining pines. A lady was waiting on the veranda in expectation of us, and received us very warmly.

Next morning after breakfast we went out on rabbit-hunting. I had read about them long ago, and when at table I was told that there was plenty of them in the woods near by, I at once expressed a desire to enjoy a chase after them. In order to make it profitable the lady suggested that there was a rifle in the house, and that we could take it.

I did not like the idea so much. I loved the rabbits and wanted to play with them. To shoot them was as distant and as irreconcilable a thought to me as the North Pole is to the South Pole. But my friend Sarker jumped at the idea of levelling the rifle at a running rabbit.

Mr. Sarker walked out with the rifle on shoulder, and I followed him. Crossing some cultivated fields we entered the forest, and began to look for rabbits.

It was a wet winter day with no wind. The sky was misty with patches of seemingly motion-

less clouds. There was a sun with some little indications of its presence in the east; but the day was not as bright as sunny, nor was there any fear of sudden rain or snow.

We walked deep into the forest and met no rabbits. It was a disappointment that was nearly overcoming our spirit. Moreover, the excursion was not a very pleasant one. There were no birds to sing us songs, or to break the monotony. The trees were all leafless except the pines. There was no such thing as flowers. Every now and then we came to some prattling rivulets for which there was no suitable crossing. And worse than anything else a heavy weight of mud was always sticking to our boots.

It was nearly 12 A. M. when we felt that there was no use hunting any longer. We started to come back; and Mr. Sarker, as before, was always leading.

"You are taking the wrong way," I said. Mr. Sarker made a slighting nasal sound, and declared that he was sensible enough to know his way.

The woods are just as deceptive as deserts and seas. There the guides are the sun, the moon, the stars and the compass. But we had none of these. The day was then quite clear

and bright, but a midday sun is just as bad a guide as a man who is deaf and dumb.

I followed Mr. Sarker considering that it was the most prudent thing to do. If I did not, it would have been unfriendly and barbarous. In modern organised society it is indispensably necessary that every one must be able to worship even the God that he hates. It is almost impossible that all members of a society, or citizens of a nation will always agree in every measure. Those who cannot agree, should not run away from, nor rebel against the other members that are in power. On the other hand they must help and co-operate in the very thing they do not believe in, until by preachings and actual experiments or developments they can show the wisdom of their own arguments and get the majority on their side. We were only two there, but I had given him the leadership which I could not take away until I could make him realise his folly.

After a long and unpleasant journey we came out of the woods, and saw a farm-house that I had never seen before. It took my breath away. We were in a country place where the farm-houses are miles apart. I felt certain that Mr. Sarker too must have realised by that time that we were a long way in the wrong.

"There you see a road by the other side of that farm," said Mr. Sarker in a very discouraged mood "that will take us back to our place. I am simply returning by another road."

He was still in the wrong, though he was now making the wildest attempt for retaining his leadership. It now became a great problem with me whether I should any longer be misled by him or not. I have got a very soft heart, and am too careful about the feelings of others. This is one of my weaknesses that I realised on many occasions. Mr. Sarker was my friend, and I am still grateful to him for some favours. I could not think of quarrelling with him; but he was a type of our Indians who are sticklers to the backbone. We shall lose our business, and lose our friends, and still will not yield a point in even a trifling matter. We do not understand the value of compromise and concessions in business.

"You are still mistaken," I said, "I followed you so long without any success, and now it behoves you to follow me."

Mr. Sarker would not accept this reciprocity. This is a peculiar habit with us. We do not believe in fair play. He passed a joke on me implying that after staying two days in America I was getting to be a wise man. I was getting

a little angry by that time. But a stroke of fortune saved the situation. As we were skirting the farm-house I saw an elderly woman spreading straws for drying in the sun.

"Let us enquire of this lady", I said and approached her without waiting for his opinion.

After just a little talk we found out that we had taken a diametrically opposite direction, and that we were then over four miles away from our destination. The lady showed us a short cut that would guide us to the Rail-road, and then we were simply to follow the track.

While coming back my leader appeared pale and crest-fallen. We don't know how to accept a defeat, and that is one of our great weaknesses. The matter here was too trifling. We could easily laugh it over, and it was not even necessary for him to say that I deserved any credit; but still he hardly talked. In modern business it is necessary that you must be able to congratulate the man who defeats you. The duty of escorting the new Presidents of the United States of America generally falls upon the defeated candidates; and in fear of the almighty public opinion they do not dare pretend sickness.

The lady at Mr. Phelps's was just a little anxious about us. She rightly guessed that we

had lost our way. She welcomed us with a faint smile and remarked, "I thought that you killed so many rabbits that you were at a loss regarding bringing them home."

This lady was in charge of all of Mr. Phelps's home affairs. Miss Harlan was his strenographer, and there was another young lady introduced to us the next evening after dinner. She was a young poetess, and was sheltered by that lady as an orphan from her childhood. Josephine was her name; and she read to us many of her poems that were cut from the newspapers and preserved carefully.

Whenever I think of Mr. Phelps's home with the whining pines around, it appears like a dream. But that dream never ends without a clear vision of the young poetess reciting her poems to us. I seem to see myself and Mr. Sarker with Josephine across the table,—the lady-in-charge reclining in a big arm chair in the corner,—and Miss Harlan standing like a statue leaning against the door frame and hearing the poems intently.

Mr. Phelps had made a plan for me. He returned from New York that evening, and after the poetess and Miss Harlan retired for bed, he came to the drawing-room and put it before me.

"Behari", he said "I had written to Hampton Institute in Virginia on your behalf. That's a very good Institute, and you will be pretty nearly self-supporting. Their reply to me is very encouraging. How would you like to go there ?"

I was thinking deeply.

"I brought you here" he added "in order to shelter you until some job was available." "But I feel that it will be merely a waste of time if you delay your admission into school."

As I did not know manners well, I could not thank Mr. Phelps. But I said to myself "What a people they are !" I agreed to go to Hampton ; and the interview came to an end with the following remarks of Mr. Phelps.—"I shall write to them asking if they will be able to admit you now and also what kind of course they give in Electrical line.

Next morning Mr. Sarker went away with Mr. Phelps. I was asked to wait there until he got a reply from Hampton.

Two days later I was ready with Mr. Phelps to start for New York. We missed the train, because the servant failed to put up the flag for stopping her. Two big horses were at once harnessed to a carriage ; and we got into it fully wrapped up in blankets.

It was a sunny day with a piercing cold breeze blowing over a leafless country site. The trip was very trying for me. The carriage took us to a neighbouring town, and there we took the street car, and reached the city of New Jersey, and then across the Hudson back to the city of New York.

Next day Mr. Phelps called me up by the telephone, and told me that he would come to the 23rd. Street Park at 3 P. M. and expect me there.

We entered the Park exactly at 3 P. M. from two streets angular to each other. It was a mild day, and there were lots of empty benches under the leafless trees. We sat down, and Mr. Phelps asked me if I had come to any decision regarding going to Hampton.

"I was willing to go," I replied, "but yesterday I saw their catalogue and found that their course in Electrical line is very ordinary. Again I have a feeling that if I take admission anywhere now, I shall be entirely dependent on you for any thing I may require, and I do not like to tax your kindness too much."

We had a long talk, and Mr. Phelps never uttered a sentence without giving it a careful thought. The pale sunshine of the sinking sun

was rising to the top of the sky-scrapers. We began to feel the chill of the approaching evening. It was at last decided that I should earn a little money first, and then enter some good Institution. Mr. Phelps bade me good-bye promising that he would be on the look out for something for me.

THE FIRST STRUGGLES.

About two weeks later I sat on the same spot in the 23rd. Street Park, and began to ponder over my fate. I wondered what the people in heaven do? Are there tradesmen and labourers who are inimical to one another? Are there strikes, unions and unfair means for a simple livelihood? Does jealousy burn in their hearts with as bad effects as on this earth? Such things in *educated* and *organised* America were a great surprise to me. All schools are not cures for human complaints.

The first joy of being in the blessed land was now waning away. I was facing the same wolf that is common all over the globe. But there is something in the air of the country and the manners of the people that never allowed me to be discouraged. I kept on thinking but hardly coming to any plan that promised well.

It was evening then. The lights in the sky-scrapers before me were being switched on. The street lights were burning but not brightening. The rush of working men going home had not yet begun. I felt very hungry and went to a

cheap restaurant in the neighbourhood. Many people were eating there, and many of them stared at me. I hung up my overcoat, and ordered for a meal of 25 cents as soon as I sat down. I finished my meal, and just got up when the waiter rushed to my overcoat, and helped me to put it on. I was forced for the sake of courtesy to give him a tip of five cents. At heart I envied that American waiter. He thought that I was a foreigner of the wealthy class, and took in the most pleasant way from my pocket the only money I had besides the twenty five cents —the price of the meal. He made the greatest profit in the least possible time, and did not seem to have worries like myself.

Leaving the restaurant I went to the same bench, and began to ponder over the same problem.

A short time later the rush of homebound workingmen began. We, the people of India, have not a clear idea of it. The street cars, the elevated trains, and also the underground trains become crowded to the utmost for nearly two hours ; and still the streets of New York seemed to be shaking under the feet of a huge army. But the most pleasing beauty of the whole thing is that there is no noise and no

disturbance. The people will automatically fall in behind one another for purchasing tickets as as well as for entraining. Inside the cars no one will fight for seats. On the other hand giving up seats to ladies and old men is observed almost like an unwritten law.

No matter how crowded the cars or the streets may be the people hardly talk. One reason is that after a day's toil they are a little tired, and the other reason is, that from the moment they take off the working clothes for better dress they begin to think of their sweet-hearts. Almost at every door wife or children or other dear ones will be waiting to receive them. Many of them must have planned for enjoying the evening, and their sweet-hearts might be waiting in some street corner, before a restaurant, or by the side of a theatre. Life in America is very hard ; but it has got equally soft pleasures and sweet recreations.

The evening rush of men was getting down, but still I was thinking without coming to any decision. Through the Vedanta Society I had come in touch with one gentleman by the name of Dr. Wendelstadt. He was a perfect gentleman,—honest, hard-working and very courteous,—doctor by profession, vegetarian in diet, and an

orient in hospitality. Through him I had gone to one lady who was either Mrs. Christian or some lady representative of Mr. Christian, the great food-scientist in New York. She asked me to take a chair. and then questioned me what experience I had. I replied that I had no experience, and that I had been all my life in schools ; but I added that I would be able to do anything I am asked to.

My ability was a puzzle to her, and my reply did not help her in the least in its solution. She at once decided not to engage me and said "There is nothing up just now. But if anything comes up, I shall let you know at once. Please give me your name and address."

I obeyed her at once, and then standing up extended my hand for a shake. She shook hands with me conceding for my ignorance. She gave me the most polite refusal common in America ; but I did not understand the significance. After waiting impatiently for three days for her letter I went to her again. She was still then the noble and courteous lady, and equally ready to concede for my ignorance of American manners.

"Mr. Day," she said "Please do not come. If I get a chance to engage you I shall write to you at

once. In the meantime keep on looking for something. I am sure you will meet with good luck."

There was another young lady near her. I must thank her, for she suggested a job that was most suitable for a young man of my type, whose hands and head were never trained for any special use in business. It was posing before sculptors. She gave me several addresses, and I at once started for the nearest place. After a long search I got at last one engagement in Pratte Institute in Brooklyn. But it was only a day's employment, and so it did not in the least solve my problem.

I had another chance in a private hospital. I was asked to make myself generally useful, and my duties would extend from scrubbing the floor up to helping the nurses and the doctors in attending the patients. The remuneration offered was nine dollars a weak and the midday lunch. I said in reply that from that meagre pay I would not be able to save anything for entering any school, and requested for a little more. The lady who was talking to me, at once decided not to engage me ; for it was against her interest to engage a temporary hand. Afterwards I agreed to accept the job at nine dollars ; but it was too late.

"I like to offer you more," she said, "and I shall try to engage you. But I have a boss over me, and I can't engage you until I get his permission. I am glad to know you, and I shall very soon put your case before him. If he decide in your favour I shall write to you at once. Will you please leave your address with me?" I obeyed her, and left the place fully conscious of the fact that she would never give me the job.

I pondered over these and many other things, and could not but blame myself. I lost all opportunities through my own faults. I did not know anything well, and still I was foolishly frank. I realised that I shall never get a chance by prattling like a baby when a question is asked I must show that I would be useful, and perhaps more useful than others. But even in these hours of deep anxieties I could not help admiring the people. How courteous and considerate they were! I was turned out as useless, but I was never made to feel it. Men and women who were far above me in wealth and experience stooped down to shake hands and give encouragements.

I felt that after landing in America I made two great mistakes. The first one was to put on

a collar and tie, and the second one was to stop going to Hampton Institute.

To overdress oneself is a social sin. The outer skin gives more troubles than the inner needs. The tip of 5 cents was a heavier punishment on me than a fine of a billion on Rockfeller. My use in the garb of a labourer was misused by the collar and tie.

In the city of New York there is any number of ways and means for a good livelihood ; and the people are so wonderful that they will never discourage. Peddling is a common business that can be started with very little capital. By selling newspapers and magazines an active young man can earn as much as four dollars in a lucky day. A man is said to have become a millionaire, and he started his career as a house-to-house polisher of knives and forks. Any number of Greeks and Italians are living by shining the American shoes ; and many a China-man became rich by washing the American clothes. But one cannot wear a collar and tie and make money from a very small beginning. Moreover, all these opportunities were to me like foreign letters. They were right before my eyes, and still I could not read them in order to get the advantage ; and if I had gone to Hampton

I would have seen all these things a long time before.

I regretted my follies, and at last made up my mind to see one gentleman by the name of Mr. G. M. Gest. Being a contractor, he was in touch with many Firms, and had in the past befriended many Indians. It was past 7-30 P. M. at that time, and I was shivering with cold ; but my mind was so deeply engrossed that I did not know of it until I was ready to go.

When I went back to my room, all my room-mates were in. They asked me if I had met with any success, and I had to repeat the same sad reply of other evenings. I told them how my inability to understand the people and their business methods made me lose a couple of good opportunities. They passed words of regret, and my friend Mr. Sarker offered to take me to Mr. Gest. I at once hailed the suggestion, for it fully coincided with my plan. But after all this was another mistake.

The United States of America is the modern wonderland. A spirit of progress and better-ment permeates through every phase of their life. The bitter distinctions of castes and creeds, and of wealth and education do not exist there. They talk to every one, and they receive every

one. They prefer a young man who is self-confident to one who asks for a favour through another party. There the spendthrift son of a millionaire is not as admirable as the man who stands on his own ability.

Next morning I and Mr. Sarker walked down along the Broadway Street and entered a big building. There were many elevators running up and down. We stepped into one of them, and got off at the 12th. floor. Mr. Sarker led the way and knocked at a door. The upper part of it was glass, and there was written G. M. Gest in ineffaceable letters. The door opened, and we found ourselves before a pretty girl of about seventeen. Mr. Sarker bowed respectfully and wished her "good morning."

"How do you do ?" uttered the girl almost about the same time. There was reigning on her face an enchanting smile ; and the slight bow of her dainty head in response to our courtesy was very artistic.

"You wish to see Mr. Gest, I suppose ?" added the young lady.

"Yes, Miss !" replied Mr. Sarker.

"But Mr. Gest is not in just now." Won't you please come in and wait. We expect him every second."

When this young lady was talking to us she poised her head on the sloping shoulders so beautifully that even now I have not forgotten her posture at the door. I could not help admiring her. She was Mr. Gest's stenographer, and one of many millions of the beautiful things in the land of Uncle Sam.

A few minutes later Mr. Gest came in, and we were at once admitted into his private office. Mr. Sarker introduced me with a short reference to my immediate past. Mr. Gest then shook hands with me very warmly and admired me a great deal. He promised to find some job for me, and on that very occasion he asked me if I had any money. My friend had advised me not to accept any money unless I had no other source ; and so I thanked him for his kindness, and said that I had some money. Mr. Gest was a very busy man. We parted soon, and his farewell words were—"See me every now and then."

The following afternoon Mr. Sarker and myself went over to Brooklyn in order to pay a visit to the Professor who befriended me in the very beginning. We were to pass through the bridge, and here again my friend repeated his former mistake in the woods. There were

different trains, and different tram-cars for different destinations; and in a place like the Brooklyn bridge, even the most well-acquainted man is apt to make mistakes. I told him to consult a policeman but perhaps he thought that it would defame him before me, and so he did not do it; and when he professed to know every thing I did not like to wound his feelings by consulting a policeman myself. The result was worse here than in the woods. We took a wrong train, and thereby lost over an hour's time and ten cents for extra fare.

We met the Professor at his own house. My personality was so changed that he could not even recognise me at the outset. We sat in his drawing room, and chatted with great interest. Mr. Sarker was very good in that art, and I kept my mouth shut most often. Besides three of us there was the Professor's son. He was a boy of about 12 only. A faint smile reigned peacefully on his face as he watched us talking; but he never uttered a word. The Professor's wife must have been away if she existed at all; for otherwise she could not stay away when such an interesting thing was going on inside the house.

Among all nations that ever stood for anything good, men always tried to form a wall, as

it were, between the women and children on one side and the troubles and the trials on the other. This is as true about the Americans, as it is about us. But while we shut our women from the experience of the world, and thereby weaken them and weaken ourselves; the Americans take their women every where and into every phase of their life. Thereby the American women get all the experience of the men; and we have not even an idea of the amount of help that these women can give to the men, or of the extent to which they can help themselves during the inability or total absence of the men.

An American is always willing to have his wife and children by his side, unless there is some special reason against it; and the surest sign of a cordial welcome at home is the introduction to the guest of the rest of the family members. They may not talk or take an active part in the discussion, but no one will be willing to deprive them of the pleasures and experiences.

During our conversation the Professor made a remark that surprised me. He declared that he was a Heathen and not a Christian. I felt that this sufficiently accounted for the unusually big mustaches that he was keeping; but the most remarkable thing was that he did not lose a single

friend on account of his religion. I forgot to ask him about the faith of his wife ; but I have come across many happy couples in America who had quite opposite faiths.

The day after next I went to Mr. Gest again. He was equally kind and courteous as before. He lent me five dollars as soon as I asked for it ; and then he advised me to write an application to some Firm for admission as an apprentice. I obeyed, and put the application before him. He did not approve of it and called his stenographer to write it out for me. She divided up the big sentences, took off the superfluous words and phrases, and left no touch of praying, begging or humbling myself in any way. It was begun with "Gentlemen !" and finished with "Yours truly."

A couple of days later, we got a reply to the effect that they were regretting for their inability to take advantage of my offer. Tbat very day Mr. Gest sent me to a place in New Jersey with a letter of recommendation. When I reached there, I saw just outside the Employment Office a signboard with the words—"No help wanted." —on it. I noticed that the door of the Office too was closed. I understood the situation fully well, but still I sent in my letter in a round-about

way. Within a couple of minutes a big gentleman in a very highly refined dress came to me. There was a big smile spread over his face. I feared that he might show me the signboard, and ask arrogantly if I understood the meaning of that ; but I was totally mistaken. The literal meaning of his smile can be a long friendship only ; but he meant only courtesy. This is one of the conquering ways of the Americans in business.

Once a Professor tried to define man as a laughing animal, because he saw no other animal exhibiting the same feature. Accordingly, I might as well define the American as a smiling man. This is a part of his winning personality, and he knows its use better than any other people. If I ask "Where is the Primrose Hill ?" to all the different nationalities passing along a street, all of them may be equally ignorant about the directions, but they will not give the answer "*no*" in the same way even if they were all in the same usual mood or temper. Some people will make faces bad enough to scare out children, and some people will take no interest and will walk away. There are others who will get annoyed at being asked about an unheard-of-place. There are again some that will act and make an

exhibition of their sympathy and knowledge. But an Amerian will smile while uttering "no" and walk away.

The American carries two things always with him, and no matter where and under what circumstances you meet him, he will never deprive you of them unless you are a bitter enemy. With him these are inexhaustible ; and though they may appear sometimes as false as mirages of the desert, they have as great a meaning and mission in society as the shallow human life in this world. They make human societies more pleasant and more beautiful than the roses make the gardens. They are his *smile* and *sympathy*.

In India we have the impression that the employer is doing a favour to the employee by engaging him. But the Americans don't think in that way. It is just as difficult to get a good employee as it is to get a good employer. The birth of labor is as old as mankind, but the capital was born only the other day ; and I think that the day is not far away when the power of the employer in all big business concerns will be totally surrendered to the organised employees.

"Mr. Day," said the big gentleman almost apologetically, "We are sorry that we could not make any use of your services. We have been

laying off many of our best men. There is practically no business going on. However, should any chance come up, we shall at once let you know through Mr. Gest."

After so many disappointments a man in India is generally broken-hearted. There is hardly anything around us and in our ways to buoy up the drooping spirit. But in America there is an all-pervading optimism which is more contagious than any disease. They always see a bright day ahead, and never worry over the past. I had contracted this optimism, and was not in the least discouraged.

When I returned Mr. Gest was out. The Miss Stenographer asked me if I had met with any success. I replied in the negative.

"Too bad," she said sympathetically "but you will get something very soon. The business is a little slack just now. That's what is causing the trouble."

Next day I was received by Mr. Gest just as kindly as before. After shaking hands with me he walked over to the window instead of going back to his seat as usual. I also stood near him. Looking down over the window sill, I saw that the traffic on Broadway was rushing on as usual. We were so high that the noise could

hardly reach us. The endless line of men and women appeared like babies playing on along the street. The carriages, the automobiles, and the street cars looked like mere toys. The hats, coats, jewelleries, and other fineries, that are indicative of social and financial ranks, and of which men and women are so jealous and so proud, were hardly distinguishable. I wondered if those apparent babies down below had problems, and if their prayers could ever reach the Almighty Father. It struck me on many occasions that the problems that worry us, and embitter our life, are perhaps too small, and are hardly taken any notice of by God. But it is a great mistake. Next to me there stood an American who made my problems his problems. Mr. Gest is a successful and happy man. The people like him generally do not understand the problems of others. But Mr. Gest understood my case and was thinking deeply.

"Mr. Gest," I said, "I have been always pleased with my luck, and I don't think it will turn against me in America."

Just then the door opened unexpectedly and I stopped short. A venerable lady followed by a girl of about eleven, entered the office. The general expression of the former cannot but

excite admiration and respect; while the little girl looked like a spotless and lovely flower of the early twilight. I was introduced to them without any delay, and I made a very respectful bow. They returned me the courtesy very affably and gracefully. They took their seats without being asked; for everything there was theirs. They were Mrs. and little Miss Gest.

A few minutes later, I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Gest. On the way I was thinking very deeply, not of my problem but of the wonderful people among whom I had the good luck to be.

A few days later came Xmas, the greatest American festival. In the evening before called Xmas Eve, I was out with my friends. The streets were crowded to the utmost. I saw many festivals in India, and I doubt if in the wide world there is any thing to surpass the grandeur of the Indian *Durbars* and processions. But there is nothing in them for us to be proud of. The very splendours reveal our poverty and inability more strikingly. But the Xmas Eve in America seemed to be an unmixed joy. There seemed to be no poverty, and no sorrow. The streets were well-designed, well-kept, and well-lit. The people were all finely dressed; and the healthy and flushed-up men and women, as

they were endlessly passing along the broad streets, appeared to me like the particles of the huge waves of joy that seemed to be surging over the great city. There were young men who where dancing around the young women here and there imitating the supposed dances of the fairies. Some fellows were showering artificial flowers on the passers-by. Just as there seemed to be no poverty, there seemed to be no enmity either. There were people representing all the nationalities of Europe, but in America they lose their old-world antagonism and become one. They were all dressed alike and behaved like the well-bred members of one and the same family. Thanks to the American Schools and the American Churches!

The only quarrel I saw during the festival was between two boys of about thirteen. It gave me an insight into one important trait of American character, and I cannot but admire it. They came to a fight on a little cemented ground in between the sidewalk and a residential building. I first saw them talk to each other in a normal tone and normal way. Then they went apart, and began to draw up the coat sleeves. From their expressions I had a faint idea that they were challenging each other; but I did not

take it as a real fight until they made the second rush, and one of them began to bleed from the nose. Just then two passers-by and a policeman entered the scene, and put themselves in between. Both the boys were now helpless, as they were caught by big men, and were being pushed apart. They looked at each other furiously, and then went away without uttering a word.

I never saw in my life a quarrel so silent. Thousands of peaple were streaming along the sidewalk, and only about half a dozen men were aware of the fact that a fight was actually going on within their arm's length. When I talked over this matter with my friends they all agreed with me that the Americans hate loudness, and are ashamed of misfortunes. I don't know what was the cause of the quarrel, but it was inner vigour, power of self-control, and self-confidence, that made them try to fight out the trouble instead of cursing and swearing. The Americans are not only sorry, but ashamed of even the most inevitable misfortune. They will try their best to hide it, for in their opinion a misfortune reflects upon the man and his character. And such a misfortune as death is always followed by a peculiar awesome silence instead of any lamentation loud or low.

There is always a business boom in America before Xmas. But wherever I went I was told that it was very slack. That, however, did not slacken my spirit. I knew that I could not but succeed in America. I do not know all the causes of such a confidence; but I had great faith in the Americans. Once a German sailor in the steamer advised me not to land without money, for I might starve.

"What money would you carry with you when you start for heaven?" I asked in reply.

The German was a very religious man. He saw the similie, and a sweet smile was the only reply I got.

The Universe as well as this world belongs to God, and not to man. No nation nor any race has any claim to any land or country except for the plants they grew, and the deeds they performed. The walls, the boundaries, the laws, and the schemes, of human creation, unless they harmonise with the wishes of God, will never endure long; for it is God's law that rule the world, and it is His law only that will survive in the long run. If for a moment I could think that honest efforts would not succeed in this world of God, I would have been a dead man a long time ago. We are not like a helmless boat

simply to be tossed up and down by the merciless events of life. We have a mission in this world, and the Father of that mission is always with us and around us. I not only feel it, but I see it. A tear in my eyes draws a tear in thine. Is it not enough to prove that an invisible link is connecting you and me? With so much sympathy, with so much kindness, shown to us through friends and relatives, we connot but be optimistic.

I read in our scriptures that when the spirit of God finds a full manifestation through any individual or nation, that individual and that nation can be called fully civilised. After reading the writings of Swami Vibekananda I believed that the spirit of God had found a full manifestation through the Americans: that they had no prejudice, no superstition, and no hatred: and that divine kindness, divine sympathy, and divine justice characterised all their actions. I had taken the Christian prayer—"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is done in heaven"—as an American prayer. This almost hypnotised me. I was seeing, as it were, all the Americans knelt down every Sunday in the Church, and reciting the prayer from their hearts. It was not a mechanical prayer in a

dead language like ours—but a true prayer, in a "living" language and by a live people. Such were the impressions with which I landed in America ; and my first contact with such noble characters as the Professor of Brooklyn, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Gest, Dr. Wendelstadt and some others, went a long way in corroborating them ; and these again were the main cause of my feeling safe and secure though stravation always stared me in the face.

A few days later, I got a telephone message from Miss Harlan, the stenographer of Mr. Phelps. Luck seemed to begin to smile on me. She asked me in a hurry to be ready at nine in the following morning for a trip into the country, and added that there was a job for me, and that she would come to my place to take me.

It requires no telling that I was very highly pleased. The lonely house of Mr. Phelps at once flashed before my mental eye. I was again going into the country—not for hunting rabbits in the woods, but for doing something. I knew nothing about the nature of the work, and the remuneration I was to get ; but I made up my mind not to lose this opportunity under any circumstances.

Next morning the door bell began to ring

exactly at nine. I knew it was Miss Harlan, and ran down the steps.

"Good Morning, Mr. Day," said Miss Harlan before I could fully open the door. Are you ready ?" she added.

After responding to her morning greeting and the question, I said "Won't you come in please ?" I knew that she would not come in, and still I had to utter those words as a matter of courtesy.

"No, Mr. Day, there is no time ." She replied. ' Won't you hurry up please ?"

I at once went up, and the following third minute found me on the sidewalk, walking along with Miss Harlan. We took the street car, and landed near a cross-road not very far from the New York Central Station. A frail and finely dressed lady of about 45 was waiting there for us. Miss Harlan kissed her, and then introduced me to her. Her name was Miss Greene, and her ways indicated that she was a rich woman.

"Very glad to know you, Mr. Day," said Miss Greene with a rapturous smile on her wrinkled face. She shook hands with me and added "It will be a very nice post for you."

From there we started for the Central Station on foot. Miss Greene's words had given a farther

raise to my rising spirit. But still I found it almost difficult to keep apace with the two Misses. I was awfully ashamed of it.

To be frank, I doubt the existence of any people who is not put to shame by the Miss American.

The United States is the most educated land on the surface of the globe; and I have indisputable reason to declare that it is mostly due to Miss American. She is as ambitious, as intelligent, and as hardworking as Mr. American; but she is ready to give her services for *nothing* when compared with the latter. She thus made it possible for every American child to get some education.

America is one of the greatest commercial countries; but without the help of the Miss American many of her industries will be defeated in competition, and some will totally fail.

In her tastes, in ideas of self-respect, and in self-confidence she occupies a very enviable position among the women of the world; and it will not be in the least exaggeration if I make the unqualified statement that in many respects Miss American surpasses even Mr. American. She is more educated, and considers herself a better creature than the latter. She does not

care to hang unto his arm, as is the case in the sister countries; on the contrary it is quite often noticeable in the streets that it is the Mr. American that is hanging unto the arm of Miss American.

We are a people of 350 millions. Of these 100 millions are harnessed in the harems. The beggars, the fakirs, and the unproductive dreamers form another 100 millions. And the rest of 150 millions only are working for *themselves* and *others*. But in America all the men and women, and even many of the boys and girls are engaged in the battle of life. That is why they are so strong, so prosperous, and have been able to surpass most of the nations in education, industries and modern sciences.

Miss Greene went to purchase the tickets. Miss Harlan and myself sat down on a bench. I was just going to ask her about the particulars of the post. But I did not have to do it. Miss Harlan started it herself.

The Americans are a kind of mind readers. From the social institution of courtship they acquire an wonderful *instinct* of understanding other people and acting accordingly. All nations and individuals have an ability to understand others, no doubt; but among no people it is so

common and so rooted as to be called an *instinct.* We know how to compliment others, and also how to be courteous ; but all these require efforts on our parts, and we can be easily seen through.

We have not the least idea of the amount of ability a girl must have in order to make a great success in society. *She must give to every one every thing they expect of her if she desire that they must worship her as the best thing in the world.* It may be that the man of her choice is right there, but a woman cannot court a man. She has to wait and pass through trials and troubles that go a long way in shaping her character.

Just a few days before I went to the country I was present in a meeting in a Y. M. C. A. in New York city. Mr. Phelps was there too. Some songs were sung, some lectures were delivered, and at the end tea and cakes were being served. A young lady who heard about me from Mr. Phelps, approached me very joyfully. She was well-educated, and just a few minutes before pleased the audience with a fine lecture. It was a kind condescension on her part that she came to me at all. The Americans are never ashamed of such kindness and courtesies that make life a great deal happier than it could otherwise

be. But here I made mistakes that I regretted many many times afterwards. I don't think she had studied more books than myself; but she understood me much better than I could understand her.

"You are Mr. Day!" she began.

"Yes." I replied and stopped. Here I was rude but without my knowledge.

"Are you very ambitous?" she nodded her head very gracefully, and a rapturous smile sat on her face permanently. She looked to me like the smile itself, and was indirectly complimenting me.

"Of course," I repled. Here I was rude again. But instead of taking offence outwardly she let her smile trail into a suppressed laugh, and remarked at another gentleman "He says *of course.*"

The situation was a great puzzle to me. That gentleman smiled, and I smiled too, because I could not do anything else. I did not know that I was rude, and I did not mean to be rude. The whole trouble was due to my inability to understand her, and to my lack of social knowledge. She came to talk, and not for any information in particular. If I could give her a nice talk of the kind she liked, she would have been

pleased, and I would have done exactly the right thing. She laughed not to offend me, but simply to get away from me in a proper manner as soon as she found out that I did not know how to talk.

On another occasion I made a greater mistake; and the situation was saved by the promptness and wisdom of the very lady who was the victim of my ignorance. I was introduced to one fascinating young lady by the name of Mrs. Hutchinson. I asked her if she had any relation with the famous Mrs. Hutchinson of Boston who was condemned as an witch. She replied in the negative. At this I said "Any way, you look like a witch".

Such a remark would enrage any women, and her husband was actually offended. But Mrs. Hutchinson understood that I meant to say that she was a fascinating woman. So she burst into a laughter and remarked, "Is not that a great compliment for me ?"

"Mr. Day is a little humorous", said the friend who introduced me. "He uses the word "witch" to mean an attractive woman."

Mr. Hutchinson asked for the reason of my remark ; but the behaviour of his wife kept him cool and the remark of my friend supplied him with an answer.

Afterwards, I thought over this sad affair many times, and was intensely sorry; but the more I thought the more I admired the lady and the wonderful instinct of the Americans.

"Mr. Day", said Miss Harlan. "You must excuse me for not telling you all about this post so long. I have been awfully busy, and had no time at all. This Miss Greene has been known to me for a long time. I once worked as her stenographer. She told me that she wanted a young man who could make himself generally useful. I don't know all that you may have to do; but I don't think she will pay you much. She is a little stingy, and there is practically no business going on in the winter. However, you are sure to earn your expenses until something better comes up."

Miss Greene was coming back, and the train was ready. This put an end to our talk, and we parted within a minute.

A short journey costing us only seventy-five cents per head brought us to the little station of Oscawana-on-Hudson. The surroundings were a snow-covered hilly place; and when we detrained it was glistening under the mild mid-day sun. An Italian driver came forward and saluted Miss Greene. He was her own driver. We

walked out of the station, and got into a sledge —which is a carriage that slides over snow and ice instead of running on wheels. We went up and down the hills, along very circuitous roads, and every now and then the driver got down with the rein in hand, and walked along with the sledge in order to make it easier for the horse.

"See how careful he is about the horse?" remarked Miss Greene. "Did you have any experience with these animals?"

I replied in the negative, and then added that to take care of horses would be an easy matter for me. She then introduced me to the driver, and added "You teach him English, and he will teach you Italian."

We were then reaching our destination which was a beautiful house on the top of a hill. Close to it and a little below there were barns and I felt that I might be quartered in one of them.

Just when we were turning into the private road leading up to Miss Greene's house, an august gentleman was seen at a distance coming up on foot. He saluted Miss Greene and wished her good morning. The driver at once reined up the horse understandingly. The Gentleman came up, and with one hand on the sledge began to talk on a

meeting and some business—things in which I was not even then much interested.

I watched their faces that were never bereft of the pleasing smile and simplicity that characterises an American business man. I was reminded of my childhood days when we used to talk and arrange our little games peacefully among ourselves. An American is indeed a wonderful actor in business. He can hide his most unpleasant feelings and anxieties, and talk smilingly; and there are occasions when he can brush off great difficulties with a smile or laugh.

Miss Greene, though a frail woman nearing fifty, was not an ordinary person. She had lots of business to manage; and it did not take me long to find out that in the village of Oscawana she was occupying a very important position.

After that gentleman went away we drove up and got off the sledge within five minutes.

There was waiting at Miss Greene's a gentleman by the name of Mr. Shepherd. I was at once introduced to him, and he shook hands with me very warmly. The dinner was ready on the table, and we sat down to eat as soon as we had washed up. Miss Greene did not eat much. Mr. Shepherd was in a hurry and did not care to eat much. And I was too slow.

Lest I should feel shy, Miss Greene said apologetically, "Mr. Day, you take your time and eat. We are too busy to wait. You must excuse us."

Generally speaking we have no idea of the business in America. The word "business" does not mean a shop, a factory, or a store. It means just what its origin implies—something that keeps a man hustling. If we can make the rupee run among us as fast as the dollar, and half the Indians hustle up for it like the Americans, India shall be the richest land under the sun.

The majority of the Americans are too busy to wait for others. Many of them are too busy to eat, and some are too busy even to get married. If any one ever complains of their being too slow it is either the disappointed Miss American or the greedy capitalist. My countrymen may think that I am telling a fairy tale; but I am not exaggerating in the least. Many Americans will be reading newspapers or carrying on business talks while eating. Lunch hour at midday is mostly an hour of business interview. More than once I came across men who complained that they were too busy to court a girl and get married. Among women there is a commonly used term called "The business machine." They apply it to those husbands who

are too busy to pay to their wives more than a certain routine of attentions. There at Miss Greene's Mr. Shepherd was all the time talking with her on shares and dividends. It was only at intervals that they had a chance to masticate the food. As soon as Mr. Shepherd finished wiping his mouth he left the table, wrote a chit introducing me to one gentleman in the Locust—a separate house, and hurried away. After I was through with the dinner, Miss Greene gave a little verbal direction to the Locust and bid me farewell.

I found the Locust without any difficulty. It was an ordinary, three storied, wooden structure with a fine veranda facing the zig-zag hilly country-road. Attached to it there were an ice-house for storing ice for the summer,—a long stable with rooms enough for two horses and carriages, plenty of hay and fuel wood,—a library containing some ten thousand volumes,—and also a dancing hall built a little way up, on a rising slope, for use as a reading room and lecture hall as well. Lots of well-to-do and rich people come here in the summer from the cities and pass some evening hours pleasantly.

I found the gentleman I wanted. Though fully aware of the fact that I was there to re-

place him, he received me very cordially and introduced me to one young lady by the name of Miss Bruen. She was an intelligent, well-educated and well informed woman, rich enough to live the full length of her life without working. It happened that among her acquaintances there was one Indian whom I knew. This at once made our acquaintance cordial, and was the beginning of a friendship that I shall never forget. I have not got as good a lady friend in India, and I doubt if I shall get one like her in heaven.

Mr. Shepherd was the manager and Miss Greene the greatest share-holder of the business of which the Locust was the centre. Miss Bruen was rather an unusual resident here. There were also two Italians who used to cut ice, chop wood, and take care of horses.

The very next day the Manager told me just what would be my duties. They were to cook, to take care of the kitchen, to drive to the post office for the mail, to fetch the guests from the railway station and also to help the two Italians in storing ice. I was not afraid of all these works, but he did not even utter a word about my remuneration. The following day I learnt from Miss Bruen that the man I replaced was a painter by trade,

and being out of employment, was working here for nothing. He was an American by birth and older than myself. From this I felt certain that I will not get more than eating and sleeping. Within a few days I arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Shepherd was not a good pay-master, and that the harder I worked the more he would expect of me.

I made up my mind to stick to this job until I got another. I wrote to my friends both Indian and American explaining my situation. The return mail brought me several encouraging replies, and in a letter from Miss Nebloe, the private Secretary to Dr. Wendelstadt there were the following words—"I am sure you will get some remuneration." Mr. Shepherd was near at hand when I was reading the letter. I at once asked him the meaning of the word "remuneration" pretending that I did not understand it. He took it as a hint, and asserted that I was sure to get some remuneration if I stayed long enough in the summer. This entirely cleared the vision of my economic prospects. I could ask for a more definite promise ; but I felt that it would be unwise. The summer was still far away, and his unspoken words regarding the winter were clear and definite enough. But I always thought

that who cannot pay in the winter will not pay in the summer.

In spite of the sad economic prospect my life in Oscawana was a happy dream. While working or driving along the lonely roads I used to chant a great deal. One day Miss Bruen said that I always liked to chant. I replied that it was the best thing to do. At this she asked me if I were very happy. I said that I was very happy except when I thought of home and mother. Miss Bruen replied that the thought of mother should no more worry me. I did not quite agree with her, and in order to defend herself she began to produce volume after volume. Every day we had a chance to talk to each other, and discuss something. I was like her servant, and still she used to address me and treat me with so much respect that I got an entirely wrong idea of American home life. This led to serious mistakes on my part that I shall narrate later on.

One day Miss Bruen was going to the New York City. She asked me if she could do something for me there. It was very kind of her, and I thanked her while I declared that I did not require any thing. But she brought a doll just the same and gave it to me asking for a solution of the puzzle contained in it. After a little fruit-

less consideration I gave it up, and she at once explained that it was a Chinese moral meaning "I see no evil, I talk no evil, and I hear no evil."

I laughed over it, and returned the doll, fully unaware of the fact that she was making a present to me while asking for the solution.

"Don't you want it ?" she asked.

"No, thanks", I replied.

"All right !" she uttered and went away.

Miss Bruen was some years older than myself. Perhaps she felt towards me the same yearnings as a good sister feels for her helpless brother. She wanted to befriend me and make me feel that in that distant land on the other side of the globe I had as good friends as in India. But how ignorant I was ! How unfit I was to appreciate her noble character and sympathy for me ! The very utterance of the word "Allright" had in it a tune that fully conveyed that she was offended. But I did not understand it at all.

A few days later I was driving to the railway station with Miss Bruen. She began to complain against Mr. Shepherd saying that he would not allow her sufficient towels. I replied that he was very stingy and seemed to be unwilling to give me even a few stamps for my

letters. Here our confidences were mutual, and formed the foundation of many harmless confidences. Her delineation of Mr. Shepherd was not very becoming, and when I considered the peculiar sweetness in her tone whenever she addressed the Manager I was rather disinclined to take the words exactly as they stood. There is a saying that women oftentimes express by contraries, and here her avowed antipathy for the Manager was to me the heralding of her, what I should say, the sweetest sympathy. She said that Mr. Shepherd succeeded in getting me prejudiced against her, and that was why I did not accept the dolls. I at once begged her pardon and told her that it was nothing of the kind : that Mr. Shepherd never told me, nor even indicated, anything about her : and that I did not accept the dolls simply because I was after all an Oriental disinclined to accept gifts, and unable as yet to understand her and appreciate her kindness.

There used to live within our vicinity one Mr. Freeman with his wife and children. As they used our carriage quite frequently I became well-acquainted with them. They were a well-educated couple, and were interested in many things besides their personal affairs. One day I was

fetching Mrs. Freeman from the Station. She was a young woman and had the talkative habit of a school girl. In the course of our talk I was admiring Miss Bruen for her education and refinement. At this she remarked, "I don't think she is very happy". This statement from Mrs. Freeman was very surprising to me ; but it fully coincided with my ideas. Miss Bruen herself had once told me that she never gets what she wants.

I had nothing to say in response to Mrs. Freeman, and so I was thinking silently. "We do not approve of her staying alone in that house," added the young lady.

This last statement almost staggered me. I always believed that true education was the certain cure not only for hasty and wrong judgments but for hundreds of other maladies that trouble mankind ; and my observations in America and Europe have not brought about any change in the belief. Miss Bruen was a spotless character, and above all criticisms. I knew her too well to think or believe anything else. She had a very bold temperament, and a spirit of independence that made her very different from an average girl. The ordinary gossips and fears could never trouble her.

She had the courage to do whatever she thought right.

I would have taken the words of Mrs. Freeman as unfair backbiting if it were not for the fact that I knew her also very well. The whole cause of the trouble lay in the fair fact that both Mrs. Freeman and Miss Bruen were not willing that I, as a foreign observer of the life in the Locust, should form wrong ideas about American Society.

Mrs. Freeman wished that I should not judge the American girls by the standard of Miss Bruen whose ways were not even approved in American Society; while Miss Bruen tried to impress upon me that she did not care for Mr. Shepherd, and her only reason for staying in the Locust was to economise.

The Mrs. as well as the Miss entirely misunderstood me. From my childhood I acquired a habit of independent observation and reasoning. That is why I passed through so many changes, and many of the ideas and ideals, that I inherited from my social aud religious environments, lost their hold on me. I took Miss Bruen as a type of the much better class of young American women. She was kind, courteous, self-confident, self-reliant, very strong in her

ideas and ideals, much refined in her ways, and fearless in her actions. She told me that she had, as her only dear relative, a brother in New York city who was living with his wife. She lived with them for some time until the sister-in-law began to show that her presence in the family was unpleasant. This was quite reasonable ; but still I could not help believing that she cared for Mr. Shepherd very deeply.

Modern materialism has greatly reduced the sweetness of romance and the beauty of true devotion, true fidelity and unselfish sacrifice. Mothers have begun to advise daughters not to marry for love only. The chivalrous men who fight and die for others are taken as fools and objects of pity instead of reverence. Society has changed much, but still who will not sympathise and respect a girl who loved truly, and who for the sake of her lover entered the hills where tigers abound ? Is true love so weak that lovers can stay apart simply in fear of gossips ?

Mr. Shepherd was an Englishman of about thirty-five and medium size. He was ambitious, adventurous, bold, and always gave the impression of a serious and resourceful character. He used to keep his hat on almost always in order to hide his baldness, and I think this was his

weakest point. Otherwise with his clean blue eyes, oval face, red mustaches, thin lips, and hearty smiles, he was a very winsome man. In ordinary talks he would give way very easily with an air of dignity, but still I always felt that be was not the type of man to acknowledge defeat or to sink into any sort of life that fate may ordain simply for the sake of a young woman. I don't think he had much school education, but he roamed about a great deal, and was a thoughtful man of good moral character. He once told me that he passed some nights in the coal pits of Alaska as he had no money to pay the house rent. Whatever education he had he received from the wide world.

Unfortunately Miss Bruen was also a character that cannot acknowledge defeat. According to her to love a man was to acknowledge defeat, though, as we felt, she could not help caring for Mr. Shepherd. It was still simply impossible for these two persons to surrender to each other in the name of sweet love. If Miss Bruen really loved Mr. Shepherd there was nothing wrong in it, for he was a deserving man on the whole. It is only the sick and the insane that do not feel the impulse of love. But it was a great mistake on the part of the young lady.

Mr. Shepherd was too taciturn to betray himself. The habit might have grown from his weakness but it was his greatest strength. He always behaved indifferently towards Miss Bruen; and I don't know if it were his commercial policy or natural habit. I must admit that I failed to *dioghose* his feelings towards the lady though she seemed to betray herself quite frequently.

One day Miss Bruen was telling me that she was very fond of work, and that she used to help Mr. Shepherd a great deal in the kitchen when there was no cook. I could hardly believe that a young woman of Miss Bruen's position would care to help a man whom she did not like.

Once Miss Bruen promised to take me to the top of a hill from where, she said, the view of the Hudson was wonderfully beautiful. One Sunday afternoon we became ready for the trip. Finding that Mr. Shepherd was unengaged I asked him if he would like to go. He at once agreed, and we all started on foot.

After walking a short distance up the hill Miss Bruen was quite exhausted. But true to the indomitable spirit of Miss American she did not want to show it. She made a halt pretending to be looking at the trees by the road. It was

perhaps time for us to show her the manly courtesy by extending a helping hand. I did not know it, and Mr. Shepherd seemed to be equally ignorant; though the following third day when Mrs. Freeman complained through the phone that I did not help her down from the carriage Mr. Shepherd gave me a long lesson on that subject.

Miss Bruen was breathing hard and stealthily. I was very close, and could hear it. After exchanging a few words on the trees and the leaves we started again, and reached the small tableland that was our destination. So far we had spent about forty minutes, and covered a distance of about a mile and a half. The view of the Hudson was not yet within our sight. Mr. Shepherd made a sudden and very unceremonious declaration that he must return as he had lots to do. I did not like this, and Miss Bruen was enraged. While I was arguing she walked ahead like a person entirely put out of sorts. She did not even cast a backward glance to see if we were following her or not. Perhaps this was a moment when she actually disliked him. My arguments with the Manager were in vain. He turned back and I joined Miss Bruen.

The view of the Hudson was indeed very beautiful. White as a bed of snow, it meandered and hid behind the clusters of evergreens. At our feet but far below, there was a little stream that was singing the eternal song while running down into the big river.

The atmosphere was very silent. The sun in the west of the winter sky was very dim. I felt the impress of eternity, and the shallowness of temporary life and glory. Miss Bruen appeared unusually sad. Perhaps she felt in the same way as myself. I did not know how I could cheer her up. I was still going to ask why she looked so melancholy, but prudence stood in the way. She might be thinking of Mr. Shepherd or his harsh manner, and any query regarding her sadness might appear as a presupposition on my part or an attempt to peep into the most secret corner of her heart.

"Mr. Day," Miss Bruen broke the silence. "I have a very good friend here close by. I wish to take you there before we turn back." I at once agreed, and we left the place without any delay.

There were on the way many gardens of pears and apple trees. We passed through them until we came to a sloping ground. There in

the midst of evergreen pines we saw a lonely cottage. It had the appearance of a deserted house ; but when we approached the steps, a young woman dressed up in pure white and with a smile of real gladness came out and kissed Miss Bruen. I was at once introduced, and the young lady shook hands with me very cordially. We went in and sat by the fireside.

This cottage of wood consisted of four rooms —all in a straight line. Only the kitchen and the bathroom had wooden partitions. We sat by the fire in the dining room, and we may call it the parlour as well as the library, for there were not less than 200 volumes besides magazines and newspapers. There I found Sir Arnold's translation of Bhagabat Gita. The bed room could be screened off at any time though the lady forgot or did not care to pull the screen when welcoming us. Every thing in the house was perfectly neat and clean and in good order.

We were there over half an hour, and passed the time with most pleasant talks. When bidding me good-bye the lady said, "Mr. Day, Won't you come to see me again ?"

"Certainly I shall", I replied.

In America the people are very formal in this respect, and a great deal of careful judg-

ment is required in deciding just where to repeat a visit. The people are so busy that they may be losers by receiving even the most welcome guest. The best rule is never to go without an engagement and never to break it after making an engagement.

When returning, this lady was the subject of a very interesting talk between myself and Miss Bruen. She was the only soul by the lonely fire in that lonely cottage on the lonely slope. She had no fear of being robbed or outraged. Thanks to the American culture !

This lady had a husband whose whereabouts were unknown to her for the past seven years. Rumours almost confirmed that he was working as a missionary somewhere in China. Many months afterwards I spoke about her to an American friend. He said that the woman was wonderful, but her husband needed the help of a missionary very badly.

Miss Bruen felt deeply for that young lady, and had presented her with that Celestial Songs. It is something wonderful to buoy up the drooping spirit. I believed that it helped Miss Bruen, and she hoped that it would help her friend as well. Both of them were in the same distress, I thought. One was missing what she

had, while the other could never get what she wanted. They required each other's help and sympathy.

One day Miss Bruen arranged a feast for me. So instead of eating in the kitchen as usual I went to the dining room. The menu consisted mainly of canned fruits, canned meats, and uncooked vegetables—things on which she generally used to live. She had once told me that she was living in the Locust in order to economise; but almost every bit of her food came from the New York city by Railway parcel, and there were very few weeks in which she did not pay a flying visit to the greatest American town.

Mr. Shepherd was not present when I began to eat with Miss Bruen across the table. She used to eat very little, and kept on watching me as soon as she finished. I had learnt to eat like an American; but eating in the kitchen had made me used to a freedom which was entirely curtailed here by the presence of a young lady. There were so many things, and they were so beautifully arranged by the artistic Miss that I was to a great extent puzzled as to what to eat next and how and where to use the knife and the fork. I expressed my difficulty to the young

hostess, and she began to laugh almost like a child. That evening Miss Bruen seemed to be in her sweetest and happiest mood. She looked much younger, and revealed a power of entertainment that I never noticed in her before.

When Mr. Shepherd came to the table, I had finished my dinner, and was engaged with the Miss in a debate as to the cooked or the uncooked cabbage that was preferable for food. She asked for his opinion ; and there was an earnestness in her tone. But he talked through his nose very uninterestedly with a faint smile around his thin lips. It seemed that he was afraid to look at her. I felt that it was his studied indifference towards the young lady. If she had not cared for him, she would have never talked to him again.

Another incident that went still farther to prove that Miss Bruen cared for the Manager, happened in the following way. Mr. Shepherd engaged a paper-hanger by the name of Mr. Wade. He was a fine frank and jolly Canadian of about fifty years of age. He had a family of a wife, a boy, and a girl in a neighbouring town, and looked at Miss Bruen almost like a father. Now she wanted her room to be papered according to her taste, and bought much more wall-paper than necessary. It was a mistake as well

as an extravagance on her part, for the room was not her property, and not a cent of compensation would be given her if she decided to leave the place. There were papers enough to finish two rooms besides hers. The Manager was very glad about this and told Mr. Wade to ask her permission for using the paper in other rooms.

Miss Bruen thought that she could send back the rest of the papers after her room was finished, and hesitated to give them away. At this Mr. Wade said smilingly, "Well, if you don't give him the paper, you won't get him."

I was not present on the occasion, and cannot say just how the scene came to an end. But I presumed that she must have laughed over it, and avoided any discussion beyond a plaintive charge of unfair judgment.

When I met Miss Bruen after this she was engaged in eating the midday lunch. She looked at me with a glowing smile and her lower lip caught between her teeth. I felt that the silent air was charged with something unusual.

"Mr. Day," said the young lady, "I have been laughing over something the whole morning."

I at once guessed just what it was. Only the day before Mr. Wade expressed to me his admiration for Miss Bruen, and also his guess about

her being in the Locust. A jolly and simple-minded man as he was, I felt that he would speak it out at any time. He had full sympathy for Miss Bruen and in speaking out his thought he did not mean the least harm.

The American parents trust their daughters to *approved* young men. This is an indirect inducement towards becoming men of approved character. We, Indians, have not an idea of its effects on society. This custom builds up characters and ideals among young men and women that are simply wonderful. The young men will come forward to take with them the young ladies with the best and the purest intentions, and will sacrifice a great deal for pleasing them; and the young women will try to look better, talk better, behave better and entertain better, for all these help them in the conquest of the man of choice. This is the rule, and the unfortunate incidents are the rare exceptions. A bad *man* has not got as much room to live in the American society as in our society. The American wife will be the first one to punish him, and others will follow. But an Indian wife *has* to put up with it.

Mr. Shepherd was a man of approved character, and I think, that to deceive a girl was as

distant a thought from him as the North Pole is from the South Pole. Moreover, Miss Bruen was not a person that could be deceived. She had a good amount of shares in the very business in which Mr. Shepherd was only the Manager. If he courted Miss Bruen he was sure to be led through all the stages of "let me think" and "let me decide", no matter how deeply she might have cared for him,

Now coming back to our point, I concealed my presupposition and said—

"What's up ! Out with it !"

"Mr. Wade says that I won't get him unless I give him the papers." She replied.

I laughed and said that it did not matter.

Miss Bruen at once turned serious and said "No it does matter. Mr. Shepherd must have told him something. I must ask him when he comes."

It was about 2 P. M. when I had the talk with her. All along since then I found her restless until about 3 P. M. she got a chance to ask him.

Miss Bruen was on the veranda, standing like an old Greek statue on one side of the steps, with one hand holding the wooden post, and facing towards the East. The winter sun was

then way down in the West. The shadow of the Locust spread in front of the veranda on the little garden along the public road. There were lots of leafless trees and ever-green pines all around standing as motionless as dead. There was not a sound of birds, not even a whining of the pine. Perhaps they were all just as anxious as myself to see just what would take place.

"Mr. Shepherd," she called him. The voice was just as sweet as ever. It seemed to be ringing and resounding in the silent air. There was nothing in it but an earnest appeal—a pouring out of the inner heart—the sweetest inclinations.

Mr. Shepherd approached her with his usual smile and resourceful appearance. He talked through his nose, as I expected, and confined his denial of the charge to the few words "No, no, I never told him that, I never told him that."

Miss Bruen was under the influence of a strong emotion. Her feet were not under her control. She sank into an easy chair near her as soon as possible; and Mr. Shepherd in order to put an end to the subject went down the steps, handled a flower vase, and began to murmur about the climate. I felt that this was perhaps

her last and greatest attempt to conquer the man; but she failed. And about Mr. Shepherd, all that I could conclude was that he was deeply attached or even engaged to some young woman either in New York city or across the Atlantic. I felt that it might be the cause of his frequent visits to the City though we never saw nor heard anything in that direction.

While observing this romance, I could not, and did not forget about my financial position. I bagan to watch for an opportunity to talk to Miss Greene. I was once fetching her from the Station, and I seized it as my greatest opportunity.

"Miss Greene", I said "It is over three months now since I started to work here. I am doing my best to please you. Now I require money for clothes and other things. Won't you kindly fix some salary for me?"

The lady turned towards me with a big smile, and replied with an emphatic nod of her head, "You are working for your experience."

"Well", I replied "a man cannot always work for his experience only."

Miss Greene did not give me any reply, nor did I press for it. From that time on my only thought was how to leave the place.

The following night I went to see Mr. Robinson. He was an Englishman from the neighbourhood of Grasmere in England. I cannot overadmire him, nor his Yankee wife. I went to his house with the intention of chasing out the anxious thoughts that were beginning to darken my mind.

When I was admitted inside, the house was gay and full. There was Mrs. Robinson just as full of fun as ever. There was Grace, their daughter, a girl of about 13 with her dominos lying on the table before her. There was Mr. Shaku, a Bohemian painter with a violin in his hand. It was he who gave me the first invitation to the Robinson family. He was a very good man and used to board and room with Mr. Robinson in his house. There was another young lady whose name I forgot. Pretty as she was, her presence seemed to be crowning the gather ing. I saw Mr. Shaku at her feet more than once kneeling down and tying her shoe strings. They received me just as gladly as before ; and I shall never forget their kindness on so many occasions.

Mr. Shaku was just beginning to play on his violin when we heard sounds of knocking at the door. Mr. Robinson went out in response, and

in a minute there appeared among us a jolly and stout old man of about sixty. Mrs. Robinson kissed him respectfully, and Grace jumped upon his breast and kissed him too. He shook hands with all the rest and then occupied the biggest chair in the centre. This gentleman was Mr. Robinson's father. He lived in his own house about half a mile away, and came to see the son whenever he liked.

We had a very pleasant time that night. Mr. Shaku played on the violin very beautifully. Old home-grown apple cider was served to our heart's content. Grace knew drawing fairly well considering her age. Mr. Robinson asked her to give in drawing her idea of a Hindu. She drew the picture of an Arab with a long beard and a big turban, and holding the rein of a huge camel by the side. We all admired it and I, in particular, thanked her.

It was about 11 P. M. when I bade them goodnight. I forgot all about my anxieties, and was fully refreshed and inspired with new hopes.

About a week later I got a letter from an Indian friend in the New York city. He asked me to leave Oscawana at once, and come to him for a job in which I was sure to make at least

something. He even enclosed a dollar in the envelope for my passage back to the city.

When I told Mr. Shepherd that I was decided to leave Oscawana for good without any delay he met with a great surprise. He gave me one of his hearty smiles, but failed to hypnotise.

"It is customary" he said, "to give a few days' notice when leaving a post."

"It all depends on the post," I replied. "I could give a month's notice if I were making any money here."

He felt certain that I would not stay even a day longer without any pay and walked away.

Next day Miss Bruen was going to the New York city. This saved me from the trouble of walking to the Station. Mr. Shepherd gave us a ride and I did not pay anything as carriage hire.

Though I was going for better prospects I did not feel very happy while leaving Oscawana. I felt myself rooted out. I had been unconsciously attached to the Robinson family, the Freeman family and to Miss Bruen. The American villagers with their heavenly manners had almost charmed me. I could not help regretting the separation from them. I went to every one and told them good-bye, and the last thing I said

good-bye to was Jammy. It was a very good old horse. An entirely untrained driver though I was, I did not have the slightest difficulty. It never revolted and always obeyed meekly.

I bought my ticket at my own expense, and entered the train. A strange gentleman whom I never saw before was talking to Miss Bruen very intimately, and so I thought that it would be better for me not to wait for her. But at the New York Central she sought me out, and offered me a bill of five dollars. I felt that it would be taking money from a friend and declined the offer with thanks. She pressed me but I gave a decisive reply. I promised to write to her and bid her good-bye.

This was my last face-to-face good-bye to Miss Bruen, for I never saw her again. Even now she appears to me like a flying fairy that I met with in a dream,—so real and still so intangible—so near and still so far and melting away.

A few months after this parting I had a chance to meet Miss Bruen. She was then in the hotel Martha Washington in the New York city. I went there, and for the first time I fully realised the great difference between Miss Bruen and myself.

I was dressed up at my best with a new collar, a new tie, and a nicely pressed suit; but still I felt that my attire was too poor to harmonise with the grandeur of the big hall inside the hotel, and that I would not be doing an honor to the lady by presenting myself in that dress.

There was all around me a great hustle and hurry. The volume of business was beyond my speculation. Half a dozen elevators were continually running up and down; and several dozen of women in spotless white were busy in the hall alone. But everything was going on smoothly and silently. Any number of women and many men also were continually coming in and going out. The ladies seemed to be vying with one another in better suits and better hats. I felt myself in the very place where every one wants to go,—I mean the place where there is joy without sorrow, youth without age, fineries without miseries, and health without disease. It takes a *rich* person to live in a place like that.

It is a misfortune on the part of a poor man, I felt, to be so well-acquainted with a rich person. I had an inclination to turn back, but I did not. I approached the Information Bureau

and made the necessary enquiries. Looking through a voluminous book, the girl behind the desk found the name and asked through the phone if Miss Bruen was in. I was then led to another telephone and given the connections with the telephone in Miss Bruen's apartment. I had a short talk with her. The young lady seemed to be very glad, and her peals of laughter are still ringing in my ear.

It was about 9 A. M. at that time. Miss Bruen left her bed at the call but was not dressed up as yet. I begged her pardon for disturbing her. I told her that I could not wait, and promising to call her up again bid her good-bye.

Miss Bruen presented me with a suit case that I still possess, and am very proud of. As long as I was in school, and even afterwards, there was not a single Christmas, Thanks-giving, or Easter that did not bring me a beautiful present from the Lady. But I regretted that I was not able to give her anything, and just when Fortune began to smile on me I lost all touch with her. I was then in Chicago. I wrote three letters one after another, but never got a reply.

After coming from Oscawana I was in New York only for two days, and then started for Montclair in New Jersey. My prospects

there were not definite, though I felt that they could not be any worse than in the first place.

It was just the beginning of Spring. Grasses were growing where only a few days before lay thick layers of snow. The barren trees were now wearing tiny new leaves—the buds of Summer green. Such was the general view before my eyes, as I looked through the window of the running train.

I reached Montclair, and found out the house of Mr. Coopeland. It is a pity to say Mr. Coopeland, for he was dead only about a month ago, leaving his widow with one son George and two daughters Ama and Frances.

Mrs. Coopeland was a small woman and must have been very pretty in her young days. She looked to me about 40 years old, and now and then I asked her such questions about American life and society as could be put before any respectable *old* lady. She did not like it, and once she told me that she was not as old as she appeared. It might be true, for she had just lost her husband and her very first sight gave me the impression that a crushing storm of sadness had just blown over her.

One day Mrs. Coopeland asked me if I knew how to put potatoes on the gas oven for baking.

"Yes," I replied.

"Are you certain?" she asked again, glancing at me with a smile.

"Yes," I replied.

"Sure!" she asked again almost playfully.

Her tone, her smile, and her way of looking and talking—all these formed a fascination that scarcely belongs to a woman of forty. So let us take her to be several years younger.

Ama was the eldest and above sixteen; George was next, and little Frances was only about nine years old. All of them used to attend school; and it was to give them some leisure that Mrs. Coopeland thought of engaging a servant.

When I first rang the door-bell, little Frances came in response.

"Are you Day?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. She at once went for her mother. Mrs. Coopeland, a sad and serene figure, came to the door, and hardly glanced over me when she said, "Come in, I will show your room first before I put you to any work."

As I indicated before, there was not the slightest touch of smiling and sympathetic Miss Greene about Mrs. Coopeland. She did not shake hands with me like the people in Oscawana.

The first smile in the house I saw was on the face of Ama who surprised me with a "How do you do" pronounced as "Hadodo."

The Coopeland house was a new, three-storied wooden structure—well-designed, well-finished, well-furnished, and well-kept,—with spacious lawns in which grass was just growing; but still a sad silence seemed to be brooding over the dwelling. My first impression was very unfavorable though in Mrs. Coopeland I found much better sympathies than in Miss Greene or Mr. Shepherd.

It is sometimes very difficult to learn even the simplest things from books alone. While at the Coopeland house I committed mistakes that I regretted as well as laughed over. Whenever the lady called me I used to say in response "Well" or "yes" without the slightest knowledge as to how harsh they sounded without some such adjuncts as "Madam" or "Mrs." They must have exploded to her ears like the bombs.

Mrs. Coopeland gave me a shirt. I looked at it, and said "Will it fit me?"

"Yes, it will," said the lady.

I accepted it, but it was several months passed when it occurred to me that I did not give her any thanks.

Miss Bruen used to shower thanks upon me for the least service done. In the shops and stores the word "thanks" has special significance besides ordinary courtesy, and it is used very lavishly. My idea was that thanks should be used only for some great service done as a favour; but I was wrong. The utterance of thanks does not pay in any way; but the non-utterance of it makes the dealing rude, and gives rise to anger in persons who are used to refinements. So I cannot but admit that I owe lots of thanks to Mrs. Coopeland for her patience. But I did another thing that must have tried her patience to the utmost, and it proved beyond doubt that she was a woman of great ability.

It was my first night in Montclair. The time could not be more than 9 P. M. Every one was in bed except Mrs. Coopeland. She was reading a newspaper under the gas light in the drawing-room. As soon as all the works were done in the kitchen, I went near her. She was just then inclined in her easy chair, and the newspaper was lying on her lap. There was the centre-table to her right, and on the other side of it there was another easy chair with a very fine cushion. I sat on this, and inclined myself very comfortably.

Mrs. Coopeland at once threw the news-paper on the table and said, "Take this to your room and read."

"I am very tired", I replied, "I don't think I shall read to-night. I am going to bed. Good night !"

I went to my room, even then quite ignorant of the fact that the lady had just now exhibited more patience and a greater diplomacy than an ordinary person possesses.

I felt that like myself Mrs. Coopeland also had formed a wrong idea about me, but it changed very quickly. She never expected that I would or could utter any English word that she never knew. I was then communicating with the different Educational Institutions for informations, and was also making my first attempts for publishing literary articles. Consequently I used to get such mails as hardly fall to the fate of the servants. But her first great surprise must have been the kind invitation that I received from Mrs. Wendelstadt, the wife of Dr. Wendelstadt of New York city. The Doctor had his residence in Montclair though his business was in New York. But a still greater surprise was to see that an M. Sc. of California Uuiversity who had his articles published in

good magazines should come and wait over two hours to see me.

The Americans are a wonderful people. They are more rational than any set of men and women that I ever came across. They are the only people to my knowledge that can laugh over a prejudice or a superstition and treat it as such. The English and the Yankee came out of the same race. But their mental difference is parallel to the difference in the spelling of English and the counting of money. The Americans look forward while the English look backward. The second day Mrs. Coopeland told me not to pass through the drawing-room except on business; but before a week was out, George invited me to the same place, showed me all the books they had, and told me that I could take and read any book I liked.

Another thing proved beyond doubt that Mrs. Coopeland was no longer regarding me as a menial only. Close to the kitchen there was a big tree in the backyard. George was making a nest in it, and lot of children were playing below. George asked me to see it. I went up, saw it, admired it, came down and returned to the kitchen. Mrs. Coopeland was there looking through the window glass. She asked me how the nest

was, and just then we saw a young and respectable lady of about twenty climbing up the ladder in order to see the same thing. According to the American ideas this is an indecent movement on the part of a lady. Mrs. Coopeland smiled and said something that I could not catch. But her feeling was that I should not think that the American women climb upon the tree by step ladders.

Once I was taking my mid-day meal, and Frances came to the kitchen for something or other. She looked at the dish before me and asked me if she could fry an egg for me. I thanked her very much though I refused. I shall never forget this. Her sweet temper, kind disposition, and amiability made her within a few days as dear to me as my own sister.

One after-noon about the end of my second week in Montclair Mrs. Coopeland was in her drawing-room and in a very talkative mood. I don't remember just how I happened to be there and she started to talk with me.

"It is a pity, Day," she said "that intelligent young men like you should be in the kitchen. I am sure that you can get much better jobs if you simply try."

Mrs. Coopeland had developed a real sympathy

for me, though I cannot say anything about its depth. But here her words had a special significance on me, and I took it without any internal commotion. It was after all a job of only two dollars a week. I could not be stuck on it. Moreover, every day I was falling more and more in line with the American life. I passed hardly a day without reading the newspapers, and there appeared any number of advertisements to cheer me up.

A few days later, I took leave of Mrs. Coopeland. She shook hands with me very cordially, and gave even my passage back to the New York city. I owe many thanks to her for a certificate in which she wrote that I was *thoroughly trustworthy*. Our first meeting as well as the greeting were sad, but our parting was quite happy.

The United States of America is a wonderful place inhabited by a wonderful people. One of the causes of this is that the mothers there are educated and able.

God arranges milk for the baby before it is born. But upon father and mother falls the duty of protection immediately after birth. A few months later he is no longer so helpless. He can at least cry out, and excite sympathy in any body. But that is a time when he begins to learn.

He recognises his mother, aud his first attempts are to imitate her tone, imitate her words, imitate her movements, imitate her smiles, and what not? If the mother is well-educated, influential and able, this education will never come to an end. Even at the age of sixty he will think of his mother like a baby and try to imitate some beautiful trait of her character, and will be afraid to do a thing that the mother had prohibited. But if the mother is uneducated the baby may criticise her at the age of six and neglect her at the age of ten. Education begins at home, and under the mother, and it is not possible to outgrow the influence of a good mother.

One evening George called up his mother through the telephone, and asked her if he could go to the theatre with one of his chums who was requesting him for his company.

"You can do whatever you think best," replied Mrs. Coopeland, "but my advice is not to go."

George was about 16 years old. He accepted the mother's advice and returned home like a good boy.

After coming back to New York I began to look for a job again. But this time I did not go to others to find a job for me. I went to many

places, and the Employment Bureau of The Salvation Army was one of them. The Brigadier General, Mr. Lamb of the Army seemed to be interested and asked me to see him the following morning.

When the next day I entered the Brigadier's office, he was present and apparenty very busy. He offered a chair and requested me to wait a little. There was a young woman with a typing machine before her. She turned towards me very affably, and nodded smilingly. I returned her courtesy in the same way, and I shall talk more of her later on. A few minutes afterwards, his work was finished, the young lady went away, and the Brigadier pulled his chair closer to me.

I had a long talk with Mr. Lamb lasting over an hour. The main reason was that he purposely held back his proposal for a long time, evaded direct replies very smartly, and trailed off into irrelevant talks whenever possible. His ways and the tiresome length of the interview reminded me of the English heroes and heroines that talked only for hours without any shower and made the novels sour.

For the first fifteen minutes Mr. Lamb gave me a long talk that made the Brigadier General of the Salvation Army, and R. B. Day, the

ex-president of Mrs. Coopeland's kitchen, very remote kinsmen; for in spite of all the difference in colour and creed they came out of the same Aryan hole and possessed the similar skulls.

During the second quarter of an hour Day stood firmly on the platform that the ex-president, being pretty nearly penniless, must accept anything *if the prospects were good.* But this did not bring forth from the Brigadier the expected unconditional declaration of terms. The latter kept on playing with a pencil, with a faint smile around the lips, and eyes fixed on the other party.

I was getting a little impatient. Not that I had lots of works to do and had no time. It was simply because I was not even then used to the American way. The Brigadier wanted to tire me out, and make *me* declare the terms on which I might accept a job. He partly succeeded, for in my impatience I declared the terms but with the italicised condition. And because of this condition he kept silent, hoping that I shall get a little more impatient and speak out what I should hold back.

In courting a girl as well as in doing business with an American one must remember three things. He must always wear a smile. He

must be able to laugh heartily whenever a difficulty arises. And he must not be impatient. Many Americans who had no chance for the Presidential Chair, or candidacy from a party came out successful simply because of patience, and mere stick-to-itiveness.

Here in the present case I was getting impatient; but I can't say just what difference it made in the final result of the interview.

I asked again, "How much she is willing to pay per week?"

"She is not willing to pay much," replied the Brigadier.

I remained silent.

"How much did the hat cost you?" he asked.

"I don't know, because a friend gave it to me."

"It does not suit you," said the Brigadier. "Just wait a minute. I shall give you a better one."

He fetched a felt hat in five minutes, and put it on my head.

"You look much better now," he said smilingly and sat down.

I think my reader fully uuderstands why the Brigadier took so much trouble for crowning the ex-president of Mrs. Coopeland's kitchen with a

felt hat. I too felt certain that the Brigadier himself wanted me.

"Is that lady any relative of yours?" I asked.

"Yes, she is very closely related," he replied. A dim smile deepened on his face, and then disappeared.

"Well, then you know just how much she *can* pay."

I think this was the weakest utterance on my part during the whole interview. It at once brought forth the final reply. The Brigadier's smiling face became wooden, and his eyes remained rivetted on the floor. "Yes, Mr. Day," he replied, "the lady told me that she could not afford to pay more than a dollar and twenty five cents a week."

Now, should I refuse a man who crowned me just a minute ago and who has been entertaining me for nearly an hour? If I could do, the art of canvassing would have disappeared from the business world. Moreover, my decision on the subject was already formed. I could not afford to lose a job so near the City—a job that would enable me to save something, and at the same time look for another job.

I accepted the offer at once. The Brigadier gave me the address and the directions, and told

me that he would be at home at the appointed time to receive me.

Mr. Lamb, the Brigadier General of the Salvation Army, was an honest bachelor of about forty. I don't think he inherited anything except his flesh and blood. His income from the present occupation was not big enough to support a wife and at the same time help an old mother who entirely depended on *him* and on his *sister*.

Mr. Lamb was very proud as a Christian and also as an American. I do not mean that he had any religious or racial fanaticism ; but he always held that Christianity and Americanism were the only two great things in the world. He once told me that America was populated by the best men of Europe. But I could not quite agree with him.

The United States of America is a new country with a new beginning, and is still now saturated with new hopes, ideas and ideals. The War of Independence which was the first great American success gave birth to a spirit of Optimism that received a new life and vigour from the other successes of the nation. Its prospects seemed to be very great and drew all sorts of adventurers, free thinkers, refugees from oppressions, and the

poor home-seekers. So I think that it would have been better to say that the United States of America was colonised by the above sorts of people and the supposed sinners of Europe.

Our mythological hero Ravana planned to build a staircase from the hell up to the heaven for the benefit of the sufferers. But the supposed sinners of Europe crossed the Atlantic in sailing vessels, pulled down the heaven, as it were, and placed it on the new world.

As I said before, the man is a reforming and ever-creating being. This is his essential and distinguishing quality. Those who *really* prayed. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." were the supposed sinners. They had to run away to a remote region and establish the Kingdom of God that they had been dreaming of. They established the social, the political and the religious institutions that were fit to give a life and long endurance to that beloved Kingdom. Then came the rush of emigrants. The established institutions filtered them and turned them into a race of angels In other words they died, and were reborn in the New World. One day in Montclair I saw a great number of boys and girls going to school. They were such a well-dressed, well-fed, well-kept and well-led lot that even now the

spectacle floats before my mind as clearly as the face of my dead and beloved sister. I can't think of better boys and girls even in heaven. It does not matter what their parents were; but they were the future citizens of the United States of America.

Mr. Lamb did not believe in living above his means. He rarely drank, rarely smoked, and never cared for unnecessary luxuries. He ate simple, lived simple, and never forgot to offer his prayers at every meal, and every church day. So when he engaged me on that meagre salary he did not mean to cheat me. He was simply unable to pay more.

Mr. Lamb did not own a house like Mrs. Coopeland. He rented the third flat of a four storied wooden house, and it consisted of three bed rooms, the parlour, the dining room, the kitchen and the bath room. He owned a portion of the cellar too for keeping some coal and fuel wood. There was a hand-operated elevator service between the cellar and all the flats; and for such things as groceries, garbage, coal and fuel wood this was most handy. He also owned for the same rent a portion of the backyard at the same level as the flat for drying clothes if necessary. There is generally a big pole standing with as many

blocks and ropes as there are flats. The ropes pass through the blocks with both the ends attached to the flats so that the occupants can spread their clothes simply by tying them to the rope and then pulling it by one end.

There was also a front staircase. When I went there at the appointed time and pushed the button marked for the 3rd. flat, Mr. Lamb came down the steps with a smile on his face. He led me up into his floor, and then straight into the dining hall where an old woman of about seventy was sitting quitely under a dim gas light. She was the mother of Mr. Lamb. I was introduced to her with many eulogising words that I did not deserve. It was nearly 10 P. M. then, and all other family members were in bed. I told them that I had already taken my meals; so all that I had to do was to retire for the night.

There was a sofa in the dining hall. It could be pulled, and spread out into a comfortable bed. Mr. Lamb initiated me into this secret, and as long as I was with him I slept on it. The Brigadier then gave me some instructions as to my duties and said good night.

Next morning I came to know his old aunt, his younger sister and also his adopted son, a boy

of about seven. To my surprise the sister was the very young lady who was engaged at the Brigadier's office and who nodded at me smilingly. Her brother must have discussed with her about me before I was called to an interview.

After finishing the breakfast as quick as possible Mr. Lamb and Miss Lamb went away. The old mother gave me a little direction here and there, and I went on well with my duties. Mrs. Lamb did not fail to admire me whenever an occasion arose ; and when in the evening Miss Lamb returned home, she came directly into the kitchen.

"Does it not look fine ?" she said. "Day, you must have been working hard."

I felt that these were her set words, designed to make a poorly-paid man work hard. But can any one say that these had no effects on me ? I was now a member of that family, and unless I felt that they thought well of me I could not be happy. Every day that we pass is as important a part of our life as the days to come. Her words could not pay me in the future ; but they did pay on that very occasion.

At Mr. Lamb's the washing and the ironing were the hardest works, and they consumed the greatest part of my time. The next great

item was the cleaning of all the rooms, and the making of all the beds. Cooking was very simple, and with the gàs oven it did not take much time.

I learnt that Mrs. Lamb married twice ; and the present Mr. and Miss Lamb were issue by her first husband. But still they were very devoted to the mother. Mrs. Lamb was now too old and too weak to get up in the morning without any stimulation. So she used to take tea before leaving the bed. Mr. Lamb always liked to carry the tea to her in the morning ; and they always saved the best part of the milk for the mother.

One day while opening the milk bottle Mr. Lamb let the cream on the top accidentally fall to the floor. He regretted this very much and said, "Day, if you had done it, you would have been a great fool. But because I did it, it is only a mistake."

As I said before, Mr. Lamb's income was very limitted, and they had to live very economically. One day I cooked rice, and in order to make it rich I mixed with it one boiled egg and a little butter. Mr. Lamb declared that it was too expensive a dish for him, and as a punishment to me he did not even eat it.

Another day Mr. Lamb came to me and said smilingly, "Day, sister was telling me that you use too much butter at your meals."

I looked up at him very strangely, and owing to the very nature of the subject I was at once decided not to argue on it.

"You must have seen," he continued, "how much butter they allow in the restaurants ?"

I remained silent.

"You can use as much butter as you want ;" he added, "but I do not want you to be extravagant."

I replied that I would be more careful in the future ; and he went away.

One night just after my work was done I was reading under the gas light in the dining room. Mr. Lamb came and said, "Day, come to the parlour. Sister will tell a story." I at once obeyed, for I understood that the meaning of the invitation was mainly to save the gas that I was burning.

Mr. Lamb had to economise in so many ways in order to be an honest citizen. He adopted a boy, no doubt, and I felt that its cause was not entirely the natural desire for babies that many people cannot check. The boy had no mother, and the father was not living in a good condition.

So the adoption was partly a noble duty of a noble character.

The world does not hear, nor talk about men like Mr. Lamb. He is a true citizen of the Kingdom of God—honest, sincere, truthful, and highly devoted to God as well as man. As I came to know more and more about the Americans, I found that Mr. Lamb was after all only one among millions like him. They are the real foundation and the strength of the great American Democracy.

There was a nicely framed young lady's photo hung up in the parlour. I asked Mrs. Lamb who she was. She told me very proudly that it was her own photo. She, of course, told me the truth, though it was a little too difficult to identify. This caused a great out-pouring of her heart. There was a rising enthusiasm in her look and tone as she told me many proud things of her young days.

Her second husband was a farmer I guessed, and the only thing she spoke about the second part of her life was that she had plenty of bread and butter to eat. But about the former part she had lots to say. She began with how her former husband first met her, and then continued with his courtship, and how even after the

marriage he used to keep her photo always with him and so on. She was very joyful; but I made a great mistake here and marred the whole mirth of the hour. I asked her how old she was. She replied that she was seventy-two. But the very next day Mr. Lamb told me never to ask a lady about her age.

One day I was discussing something with Miss Lamb, and in the conclusion I said that a man or a woman can always tell if any one loves him or her. I hoped that Mrs. Lamb would agree with me, but she did not utter a word; and Miss Lamb at once became full of fun, and asked very enthusiastically, "Now, Day, tell me if I love you."

Miss Lamb was a clever young woman, and used to contribute regularly to a paper published by the Salvationists. I felt that no matter which way I made an answer to that joke she would get the better of me. An American would have declared with an apparently calm face, "Oh yes! you are simply stuck on me," and would have thus put an end to the subject; but I was not even then Americanised to that extent, and was afraid as to her interpretations. If I answered in the negative I knew she would at once say "How do you say that? I am a Christian.

I love the whole world, and you are not out of it."

Considering all these I said, "I do not believe in answering a question like this." But Miss Lamb insisted on an answer. I felt that she took offence, but I did not find a way out of it.

"You must answer a lady's questions," she repeated, and finding me too obstinate, she walked away.

Miss Lamb was offended with me on another occasion. She gave me a free ticket to a Mother's Exposition in the City. I thanked her for it, and asked for another ticket for a friend who would be anxious to accompany me. She obliged me with the favour, but I forgot to thank her.

"Day, you did not thank me," said the young lady in a tone of offence.

I replied in a spirit of fun that we, Indians, did not believe in the shallow utterances of too many thanks. This almost angered her.

"Why don't you say thanks?" said Mrs. Lamb, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do."

I at once obeyed, and Miss Lamb was very highly pleased.

The next night I went to the Mother's Exposition with an Indian friend. There were lots of things for sale as well as for advertisement—things that mostly concerned mothers, babies, and children. There was a big hall furnished like a lecture-room. Lots of mothers, spectators, and lady speakers were gathered there. We went in and could not help admiring the spirit of the lecturers and the deep attention of the audience. An elderly lady of a gigantic size stood up on the table before the President, and began to explain with an actual baby the first duties of mothers. This lady, with her motherly tone, confident smile, and majestic gestures appeared to me more sublime than any Roman or Greek statue that I ever stood before. She explained how to hold the baby, how to dress the baby, how to wash the baby, how to put the baby to sleep and so on. Now and then she made some reference to the prevailing mistakes, and made the audience laugh. Among my relatives there is a young man with a flat and towering head. I predicted this when I first saw how his ignorant mother used to put him to bed with his head on a flat pillow hard as stone.

Now will you wonder why the United States of America is a wonder-land of the modern age?

Why the people are so healthy, so strong, so good, so courteous, so well-organised, so well-balanced, and above all so happy and prosperous? There the baby is born in the same natural way as anywhere else. But the mothers cast the babies into children, and again the country recasts the children into American citizens. If any of my countrymen is interested in the process of casting, I request him to attend such things as the Mother's Exposition, Baby Shows, Kindergartens, primary schools, industrial schools, churches and such other institutions that every American has to pass through.

While I was performing my duties at Mr. Lamb's I was always on the look-out for a better job. They knew it, and one day Mrs. Lamb was telling me that the Brigadier was very highly pleased with my work, and was going to give me an increment. I knew just how much it could be at the best, and so the message did not bring the least joy to me. The increment actually came, and it was only twenty five cents more per week. This could not, and did not put a stop to my looking for informations, and keeping engagements every now and then.

One day I failed to come in time to get the supper ready. Mr. Lamb was angry, and I too

was very sorry. But as soon as I came I told him that I had secured a much better job and that I had to wait longer than I had expected for the final decision. The Brigadier could not help expressing his joy at my good luck instead of making an exhibition of his anger, for this is the American way.

I worked at Mr. Lamb's for nearly two months, and when a couple of days later I took leave of him, he was just as kind and courteous to me as in the beginning.

My reader may remember a young lady by the name of Miss Elise Kissam who first admitted me into the Vedanta Society. This Elise and her elder sister Miss Kissam rented a summer house for several months. If I remember right the house stood on the bank of lake Hobokon in the state of New Jersey. After crossing the Hudson from the city of New York. it was about two hours' journey to the Lake by train. Our letters used to be addressed to the care of one Dr. Gesler.

I have got a very peculiar memory. I forget things very easily, and when I try to remember, they appear and disappear in such a meteoric manner that I can't catch them; and again there are things that I do not forget and

remember even the minutest details of. I had more than half a dozen note-books during my days with Uncle Sam; but in the beginning I did not *know* how to write them, and some of them were lost and some are now in a very damaged condition. So I hope to be excused if I fail to supply the right name.

The lake is about three miles long, and at no point broader than about a mile. There are scattered here and there some tiny islands containing only a house or two. The surroundings are hilly to look at, and all along the shores there are many isolated houses—some of them on very high grounds with a zigzag stairway down to the water.

On the Western bank there is a small town—a place of marketing as well as amusements to the neighbouring people. There was a dancing hall built of wood, and the greater portion of it extended upon the waters of the lake. The lake-side had all the modern facilities of communications. It had telephonic and telegraphic connections with the rest of the world, a Steamer Service in the lake, a Railway Station at one end of it, good roads for carriages and motor cars, and what not?

The lake extended from North to South, and

the Steamer Service continued all along the length. Any one willing to travel could stop the steamer at any convenient place simply by hoisting a flag of the Steamer Company.

Miss Kissam's cottage where I began to work, stood on a very high and very conspicuous place. Its veranda commanded a large view of the lake including the dancing hall and a portion of the town on the other side. To our rear there was a public road that meandered through the forests all along the shores. To our right and on the downward slope there was a small house the occupants of which always remained as strangers to us. But farther below and shaded by leafy trees there stood a cottage occupied by two sisters. One of them, I think, was Mrs. Richard and I have entirely forgotten the name of the other. One of the ladies lost her husband and the other divorced her husband, but each of them had a son about twelve years old. They invited Swami Paramananda to spend the summer with them, and that was the main reason for my first acquaintance with them.

Though many miles away from the big towns, there is hardly a thing that is not available by the lake-side. Grocers used to come with their stuffs in big wagons drawn by big horses.

Milk-man used to bring milk and the iceman, ice. There were also order-suppliers, hawkers, petty contractors, and also a newspaper reporter.

A local paper used to be published during the summer only. The reporter used to come quite often for news, and every time he came Miss Kissam used to be at a loss. In truth she did not care much for social excitements or personal advertisements. The usual kinds of news given in the paper were as follows :—Mrs. A. gave a dance and it was a great success. Miss B. fell in love with Mr. S. and they are to be married to-morrow. Professor C. came to see his sister, and has agreed to give a talk at St. Paul's. Miss D. was drowning, and Mr. K. rescued her ; and rumours are on the wings that the pretty young lady declared her love for the rescuer as soon as she got back her senses.

The lake-side with its undulating hills clothed in the summer verdure, appeared wonderful to me. There were beautiful houses, beautiful persons, and all the luxuries and amusements that the inhabitants wanted. The only thing that did not exist there was a hospital. Once I caught cold, and Miss Kissam became very anxious. "Day," she said, "be very careful. If you get sick I don't know what I should do

with you. There is no doctor and no hospital around here."

I read in our Scriptures that in heaven there was no want, no hunger, no quarrel, and no fear of death or diseases. The lake-side appeared to me exactly like that. It was a quiet and peaceful garden of God inhabited by angels and its happy solitude was disturbed by the sweet songs and the merry dances only.

While in the lake-side I was perfectly happy and contented. I had left India with a pair of bad eyes but the sea breeze had some good effects on them. A few days after I landed in New York I tried glasses and a pair was fitted out with just a little improvement. This made the eyes good enough for ordinary study, and I began to take and follow the advice of a great eye-specialist in New York city. I approached him through one of his friends related to Mr. Phelps, and so he never charged me anything. I was allowed to buy the medicine wherever I liked. Even when I was in the lake-side I was under his treatment and used to go to the city twice a month. Though the sight did not improve I felt stronger in the eyes and entertained no fear of being unable to read. But still there were two things that troubled me once in a while.

There was before me the problem of education. I wrote to many places, but received no encouraging replies. Only Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee wrote to me, "No intelligent young man willing to get an education is sent away through lack of funds." But Tuskegee was too far.

The other thing that troubled me was the thought of home. I could hardly make a clear recollection of many things dear to me. Mother did not know how to write, and if I did not find her mentioned in one letter I had to wait for the next letter with a burden of sadness and anxiety on my heart. Father was angry with me for some time, and did not write; but when he began to write, his letters were just something better than nothing. They never gave me what I wanted. I could not blame him, for he never had a regular schooling and could not guess what I wanted. So the result was that a kind of haze seemed to be enveloping all the dear ones I had left behind.

But as I said before, America will never allow you to be depressed or discouraged. I got friends there within a few days. Sometimes they came to me, and sometimes I went to them. Once they took me to an open air church service

held in the woods after dark. Lots of Chinese paper-lanterns were strung up between trees, that made the place beautifully illuminated. On another Sunday several boys came in a motor boat just before sun-set. They gave me a hearty invitation and I went with them to a fair some three miles away from the farthest end of the lake. On the way we sang "Once in a while give me a smile..... " and had a very jolly time. I was then just beginning to appreciate English music. Of the fair I remember only one thing. A young man was telling some interesting tales very enthusiastically. He was surrounded by a dozen of merry girls every one of whom seemed to be his sister or sweetheart. While returning we had a still better time. One of us pretended to be drunk, and he began to deliver the merriest lectures, and sing the funniest songs.

Miss Kissam was over forty years of age. She had a very fine figure with a very respectable expression of the face. She always dressed up beautifully, and appeared young and strong. It was the wrinkles on the face and a few grey hairs that betrayed her age.

She used to manage all the household affairs, and Elise was to her like a daughter. I

understood from bits of talks here and there that they had separate accounts in money matters, and shared the household expenses equally. But Miss Kissam had reared Elise from a child, and even then was proud to bestow on her all the cares and affections of a mother.

Miss Kissam was Republican in her ideas, and deadly opposed to socialism in any form. She did not believe that all men were born equal. I was reading an American history, and told her during some discussion that the Civil War had done lots of good to the South. Miss Kissam at once burst into tears, and I found myself in a very awkward position.

"You are reading books written by the "Northerners," she said, "I had relatives in the South ; and I know just what was their condi tion. They had nothing to wear ....."

Miss Kissam was a Northern woman descended from the French Protestants called the Huguenots who had found shelter in the New World from the Catholic persecution. Though she respected Abraham Lincoln, and was Republican in ideas, her sympathies were always with the Southerners.

Elise spent most of her time swinging on the hammock strung up in the veranda, reading

books and magazines, and also in company with Mrs. Richard at her house ; while Miss Kissam used to be attending to the household affairs most of her time. I had thus a greater chance to talk to her than to the other sister. She was very good and kind to me, and it was from her that I was first able to learn many things about American life and manners. Most often she was serious, but still there were times when she was quite humorous.

Once Miss Kissam had a headache, and was lying on the sofa.

"I can cure headache, madam," I said.

"What will you do, hypnotise me ?"

"I shall simply utter some hymns and write them on your forehead."

"All right, you try them", she said, "but I have no faith in Hindu Charms."

I tried and failed ; and to my memory that was the only time when my Charms could not cure.

On another occasion Miss Kissam, Elise, Mr. Kissam—a cousin brother who had come for a few days, and myself went out for a long excursion. It was decided that we would not return home for dinner, and I carried in a paper box enough of sandwiches and cakes for all of us.

By noon we were in a forest of pines and cedars. We found out a comfortable place for taking lunch, and Miss Kissam said "Come on, Day, we will now sit like the Hindus and eat like the Hindus."

Once I went with Miss Kissam to a town called Dover some five miles farther from the lake-side. She did not find the things she wanted to purchase. The disappointment and the morning sun of the hot summer seemed to tire her out. We entered a respectable refreshment room and sat at a small table. She ordered for two dishes of Ice-cream with strawbury short cakes. The dish was excellent, and Miss Kissam said,—

"Like to have anything more ? You can have all that you want."

"No", I replied, and simply thanked her ; but in the heart of my heart I was thinking, if a time would ever come when we, Indians, should be able to say, "We will now sit like the Americans and eat like the Americans." I do not mean sitting in chairs and eating from tables. Even the monkeys can imitate such things. What I mean is the mistress and the servant sitting together and eating together, as Miss Kissam and myself were doing.

I had many interesting talks with this lady, and she gave me lots of valuable advice. I can't put them all in here without enlarging the book beyond the limit. But there are things that peer up in the memory like the old pyramids, and they cannot remain untold.

Miss Kissam had a friend by the name of Mrs. Cory. One after-noon we went to her place. Miss Cory, a girl of about sixteen, received us very courteously, and in her mother's absence entertained the lady with nice talks. I felt that Miss Kissam was very highly pleased with her ways. I too felt that all the words of admiration could be used on her without any exaggeration. It is not that she was very beautiful; but there was a prettiness in the carriage of her head, in the poise of her body, in the utterance of words, and in the observance of simple manners, that could not but conquer the human hearts.

When we were returning Miss Kissam was thinking of Miss Cory. I guessed it right; for all of a sudden she began to talk about her very admiringly.

"This girl is engaged," said the lady, "though so young, and all her sisters were married young."

I felt that Miss Kissam was perhaps thinking at the same time of her proudest days when high ambition made her let good chances slip by, or of the reasons why some girls can easily conquer and hold the men while others cannot. I was about to ask why Mrs. Cory allowed them to marry so early, when the sound of a big automobile coming along the road diverted our attention.

It was a calm and bright evening. The last rays of the sinking sun were still kissing the tops of the tall trees that stood on both sides of the highway. We stopped on one side of the road more in fear of the dusts than of the motor-car that was coming. The driver who was a big and well-dressed gentleman, slowed down the speed as he was passing by us, and raised his hat at Miss Kissam very respectfully. The lady returned the courtesy with an affable smile and a graceful nod of her head.

I asked Miss Kissam who he was.

"I don't know," she replied, "but I am sure that he belongs to the neighbourhood, and knows me."

I did not utter a word more on the subject, but within myself I cried out "What a country! And what a people these are!"

The last interesting talk between myself and Miss Kissam that is still fresh in my memory happened in the fall. When the leaves turned red and yellow, and the forests became a merry confusion of pretty colours, the Lake-side appeared like the veritable garden of God. Miss Kissam could hardly stay at home. The woods with the autumnal beauty, the lonely sounds of birds and the fading but soothing sunshine were all the time calling her. One day we walked a long way seeing sights and gathering chestnuts. When returning the lady was tired.

There was by the road-side an arch of branches run over by flowering creepers. Inside that there stood on each side a rough bench of solid branches. We sat there just for a little rest, and our eyes could get from the place very refreshing glimpses of the lake waters through the tall chestnut trees.

"My heart seems to be sinking, Madam," I said to Miss Kissam.

"Why ?" she questioned.

"Because everything around here is now making me think that life is nothing but an empty dream. A short time ago people were coming here, and now they are all leaving one by one. Look at that deserted house. Its

doors and windows are all closed and void of their former decorations. These chestnut trees were perhaps the pride of the people living here; but they are all gone, and may never come back again."

"What's the good of thinking all these?" replied Miss Kissam, "It will do good to none. It is merely a sort of madness."

A short time later we resumed our walk, and when we reached home, the sun was just sinking behind the horizon far away across the lake.

So far I have not said anything about Mrs. Richard and her sister. Their kindness I shall never forget. Whenever they saw me they wished me good morning or evening, and enquired about my health.

They were very rich, and had brought with them even their library and the heavy piano without caring about the expenses. Their sons had toy-guns, toy engines, toy-automobiles, rails, carriages and what not? I became attached to the boys within a short time, and an incident made their memory quite ineffaceable from my mind.

One day I went down to the lake for a bath. The water seemed to be a little cold, and I was sitting on the wooden wharf with my feet

almost touching the water surface. Just then there came the two boys. They wanted to push me down into the water, and enjoy it as a fun. Two attempts failed ; but during the third effort I caught hold of both of them, and all of us fell into the lake. The water was deep there and the younger boy did not know how to swim. A smart and stout boy as he was, I never thought of it. I saw that while the older boy swam to a post and caught hold of it, he was unable to keep himself above water. I at once held him up and brought him to a post. The other boy jumped up on the wharf and gave him a helping hand while I pushed him up from the water below. Within three minutes he was upon the wharf again and began to laugh. But the fun was over ; for their clothes were all wet and they had to return home for changing them.

The more I thought of the incident the more serious it appeared. But it again corroborated the fact that the Americans are ashamed of misfortunes. They will never cry out in fright. To the contrary the tendency is to laugh over dangers. I knew that some water had entered into the stomach of that boy and his face betrayed unmistakable signs of fright when he first floated up from under the water. But he

laughed and told none about it. Perhaps from his report his mother gathered that before long he would be an expert swimmer. Otherwise why his mother did not even utter a word about an occurrence that might have been fatal?

There was another incident in connection with this family, that I shall never forget. During the Decoration Day, most of the houses, many of the trees around the lake, and some of the islands were very beautifully decorated. Mrs. Richard engaged a steam launch for a nocturnal trip all around the lake, and invited all her friends and many of the neighbours. I did not know anything about it. Miss Kissam, Elise, and all others were in the launch and she was about to move out. But Mrs. Richard discovered by looking around that poor Day was not there. She at once ordered the driver to wait, and requested Elise to call me. The young lady at once left the launch, and running up half way up the road gave me a call.

"Day," she said, "come down. We are waiting for you."

Standing on the veranda I was watching the paper-balloons rising up the sky and cruising over the forests. The call was a surprise to me. The voice was beautifully restrained as usual

with the American women. It reverberated in the silent evening air and struck my ears like the sweet call from an angel.

I was dressed up as usual, and ran down the slope as fast as I could.

"They have been waiting for you," said Elise when I was near her, "you must thank Mrs. Richard."

The launch was then within my sight. I understood the whole thing at once. I followed Elise into the steamer and the vessel began to move without any delay.

As the steamer kept on ploughing in the lake I was enchanted by the beautiful decorations all around. But I was still more enchanted by the nobility of the soul of Mrs. Richard. I thanked her, and am thanking her still now. This sort of high-mindedness is a special characteristic of the Americans, and I experienced it on more occasions than I can write down in this small volume.

It was the month of August when we returned to New York city. Miss Kissam paid me sixty dollars for my services for nearly five months. It was a great favour; for I was engaged for twelve dollars a month only, and I had already taken from her nearly thirty dollars

for paying off my debts to Mr. Gest and some others, and also for the treatment of my eyes. I thanked her very much, but it did not put an end to her kindness. When in the Institute, I received from her a coat and a clock that she thought would be of help to me, and they were really very useful.

TUSKEGEE.

I was now ready for admission into some Institution. As I said before I received only one encouraging reply—and that was from Tuskegee. But the place was so far away that the journey alone was sure to cost me nearly half the money I had. On account of this I was in a state of hesitation; and when an Indian friend suggested that Torrs' College in Connecticut was near, and that I was sure to find chances for self support-tation there, I at once decided to go, and try my luck in the State where the seed of the American Democracy was first planted.

There was no time for correspondence of which I had enough. I must make at least some personal inquiries. Moreover, the delay of a day meant a dollar spent. Accordingly I went to the New York Central Station with all my belongings packed in a suit-case, sent a telegraph to the Principal of Torrs' College telling about my coming, and went into the train.

When I landed, it was past 6 P. M. and darkness was fast settling down around the lonely little Station in Connecticut. I did not know which way to go, nor that Torrs' College

was some three miles away. I wanted to talk to the Station-master, but he seemed to be always running away from me, and there was not even one passenger to address. So I left the platform and stood by the public road hoping to stop the very first passer-by for information.

About ten minutes after, a lonely figure in a very shabby dress was coming from the direction of the platform. We exchanged courtesies, and a little talk revealed that we were very close relatives. He was an employee in Torrs' College and knew a Hindu student there. It is a law in the Kingdom of God that when a man is helpless like myself all those who walk on foot and talk a language are relatives ; and when we were going to the same place and he was well-acquainted with a creature like myself we were certainly very close relatives.

My hand-bag was a little heavy as it contained almost all of my possessions. When we started to walk my companion began to press me to permit him to carry it for me. After a short walk I could not conceal my fatigue any longer, and was thus obliged to let him carry it.

After passing about half a mile we saw a lonely house by the road side. Lights were burning in several rooms, and my friend informed

me that the house belonged to a lady teacher of Torrs' College and that he will try to get a carriage from here. I stood by the road while he went to the house. I heard him talk and then I saw him come out with a lantern in hand. Within five minutes a double-seater pulled by two big horses was coming towards the road. The driver was on the carriage, but my friend was coming on foot.

We had a nice ride along the dusty road of the summer time. It was dark but still I could recognise the cultivated fields on both sides. We landed within the College compass within twenty minutes. The gentleman who gave us the ride did not take any hire, and we thanked him very much. My friend then led me to the Principal's quarters and bid me good night.

The Principal had just received my telegraph and was discussing with Mr. Scott, his Assistant, just what was to be done. So they also thanked my unexpected friend.

Now I was at the Principal's quarters, and therefore his guest. They had already finished supper, but the *Principal's wife* did not mind putting on the apron again and arranging the table for me. The meal consisted of several courses of meat and vegetables and ended in a

delicious dish of canned fruit. The Principal, his wife and Mr. Scott were all sitting close to my table, and the lady asked me several times if I wanted some more of this or that. Their kindness is still fresh within my memory.

The trip to Torrs' was a sad disappointment. The College was already full of poor students who were earning a part of their expenses by working in the fields or in the College itself as cooks, waiters, cleaners, sweepers, barbers, tailors and so on. The Principal gave me no encouragement and his Assistant advised me to go to the Brown University where it was possible to work outside in the town and go to school at the same time. He was a very kind-hearted man and his wife even offered me a reduced-fare ticket that would carry me very close to the University.

It was in the afternoon of the following day and at the Railway Station that I parted from this kind young lady. I thanked her and told her that I had at last decided to go to Boston, and so her ticket would be of no use to me.

I feared that a second disappointment would dishearten me, and such trips might reduce my purse to such an extent that I would be forced to spend another season in somebody's kitchen.

The words of Booker T. Washington were ringing in my ear, and so at last I decided to go to Tuskegee.

I could not get admission into Torrs' College, because I did not have money enough. I was very sorry for it. But I shall never forget the people there. If honesty is the price of admission into the heaven above, and even if I die as the most honest man on earth, I don't think I shall get a better reception after death than that given by the country-people of Connecticut.

I had the wrong impression that Boston was in the South from New York, and I did not know that I committed a great mistake until I was in the Shipping Office. My purpose was to take the Southward steamer to Savanah which was sure to be cheaper. But what I was to save by avoiding the Rails I lost through my mistake. It gave me more pains than the mere loss of money can cause.

On the way back from the Shipping Office I was standing in the shade of a big building. My expression might be betraying internal worries, but I did not think about it. A Negro gentleman of respectable appearance approached me very gently. Apparently he recognised my nationality and guessed that I was worried about

something. We had a short and nice talk and became friends at once. He advised me to try for a job in some coaster, and that would save me lots of money that I needed so badly. I at once agreed, and he offered to guide me. Both of us went to the docks, and we looked for a chance for nearly four hours but without any success.

In that great city of Boston that American is the only man whose kindness I cannot forget. The next day we tried for a job again, but disappointment was the only result. The day following I bought a ticket and went on board the steamer bound for Savanah.

After landing in that great southern town I had the feeling that I was no longer in the land of Uncle Sam. Poverty and prosperity were both equally conspicuous. There are any number of uncared-for children in Savanah as in any Oriental town. There for the first time I saw crowds of American Negroes, and the first impression they gave me was that they are never unhappy.

I reached the Railway Station very early in the morning. It was then quite empty. There were lots of benches, and I sat down and began to wait for the train. A short time afterwards passengers began to arrive, and I found out that

the Black men sit on one side and the White men, on the other. They do not mix, but it happened that I was sitting on the side of the White men. As time passed on more men came and the place became almost crowded. I felt a little uneasy, because my colour was dark and I might be violating some rules of the State. But no one asked me a word, and not even the Policemen.

A respectable-looking gentleman of big size was sitting next to me. I felt that he wanted to talk to me, but hesitated. A boy came with peanuts. He bought a nickel worth of them, and offered me some. I thanked him, and we became acquainted within a few minutes. This man was in Calcutta for nearly three years, and had taken me to be a Bengali at the very first sight. He admired the people of Bengal and said that if we had character and a little fear of God no people could surpass us in any line.

About 10 A. M. I left my seat for a restaurant of which I could see the signboard from the bench. I sat down and began to look at the menu. A Negro waiter walked to me, and I gave him an order at once. He looked at me, and asked where I came from. I took him to be a curious ignorant chap and told him that he would not understand.

"Too deep for me," he uttered and walked away.

He supplied the order in the lazy oriental way though I can say that I had a very hearty meal.

The following night I was in the train. The Railway Ticket-collector befriended me, and I learnt many things that I never heard before. He told me about the difficulties that I might meet with in the southern parts of the United States. The Negro waiter asked me those questions because it was a white man's restaurant, and the colored men are never admitted there.

The next day I was in Montgomery and had to wait there for nearly three hours for the train to Tuskegee.

The Tuskegee Institute is just outside the town of Tuskegee. The Institute compass is nearly a mile square, is very beautifully planned, and is equipped with good roads, best buildings well-kept lawns, gardens and trees. But about the land under the Institute our Captain once remarked to me,—"Except in the south our land extends as far as you can see."

I entered the Institute compass just before sun-set. There were a few students here and there, and I asked one of them for directions. He showed me a man who was a Captain and

exactly the person I wanted. As soon as I went to him he shook hands with me, and began to talk with great interest. Just then Booker T. Washington was out on horseback for inspection, and was coming towards us. I was at once introduced, and the great man was kind enough to halt near me and extend his hand for a shake.

"See me in the morning." said the Principal and trotted away. Next morning I actually went to see him, but he was already gone out of Tuskegee.

I heard that B. T. Washington was one of the busiest men in the world. While at Tuskegee I had a chance to study him, and I feel sure that it is not possible to be busier than he was. The Principal never wasted a minute and his only source of recreation was change of occupation. His hours of sleep were very limited, and he never *uttered* nor *worked* in vain. While at Tuskegee he attended to the minutest details of the Institute, and lectured almost every night before the entire body of students gathered in the Chapel. But he had to spend the greater portion of his time in attending to calls from the outside, and in keeping engagements in all parts of the country. It was in the trains and the steamers that he wrote most of his books

and articles for magazine. Whenever he felt his health below the normal he used to take his personal doctor with him wherever he went. He believed in "Constant physical repair," and to say that he was sick or unable was to acknowledge a defeat that he would never approve of.

About a week after my admission I was sent for by the Principal to dine with him. He was very reserved, and asked me a few questions about my home and relatives which I answered. He seemed to be the most serious man on earth, and his wife and sons had, it appeared, the same kind of fear of him as the students had. After leaving the dining table he sat in an easy chair in the drawing-room, opened the Bible, and began to look at his favorite passages. This was his regular after-dinner work.

The great secret of his success in life, I think, was that in his soul there was only love and not a bit of hatred. He had a full faith in divine justice, and in the ultimate triumph of right. He had risen far above the instinctive man and was not subject to the influences that trouble the average person.

Booker T. Washington was a firm believer in materialism. "The demands of the body must be satisfied first and spiritualism afterwards."

According to him the materialism of a community consisted in securing good sanitary conditions, good communications, good foods, good homes, good dress, good recreations and so on.

A still better key to his character is the two of his most favorite songs. Let me please put them in here. The Harvard song expresses the spirit of the Harvard University as well as the Country ; and the Tuskegee song is really an imitation of it,—

1

"Fair Harvard ! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee over,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flower of their wilderness ! star of their night
Calm rising through change and through storm !
Farewell ! be thy destinies onward and bright !
To thy children the lessons still give,
With freedom to think and with patience to bear
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered errors moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by,
Till the stock of the Puritans die."

2

Oh ! sometimes glimpses on our sight
Through present wrong the eternal right ;
And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man.

Second day at Tuskegee I was taken to a preliminary examination for deciding the class I was fit for. The highest class in Academic line is called the Senior class. The examiners recommended me for this class, and I took up Electrical Engineering as my profession. But when I met Mrs. Washington, the wife of the Principal, she passed a remark that quite dumb-foundered me.

"It is a pity, Day," she said, "that you made the Senior class. I do not think that you will get the Tuskegee spirit in so short a time."

Many teachers admired me. Many students envied me. There appeared in the Tuskegee Student a small article about me with some words of admiration. Mr. Phelps inquired about my standing as soon as I wrote to him about my admission, and they wrote very well. Under all these circumstances the remark of Mrs. Washington was a puzzle to me.

The lady was very kindhearted, and took

full interest in the work of her husband. She was always ready to help those who needed it and deserved it. She was very good and kind to me. I could not even imagine that she made the remark just for mere courtesy.

Her words indicated that besides giving the academic and the industrial education that Tuskegee stands for, she gives something else which is very valuable, and it takes a student some long time to receive it.

No matter how surprising the remark may be, it is a well-known fact that most Christian Universities, Institutes, and colleges stand for something more than what is written in the catalogue; and I believe that without that something the Christian World would have been like the Mahomedan or Hindu world *an epitome on the grave.* It is beautiful, interesting, and existing, but never changing nor working. It stands for the *past* and hardly for the *future.* Grasses and trees will grow up and almost cover it up. Centuries will pass away, until even the people who have great regards for epitomes will fail to recognise its existence and trample it down to dust.

The Tuskegee spirit is fundamentally an inspiration. The Institute is such an atmosphere

that any student living within its compass and passing through the organised routine of duties is expected to be inspired with an indomitable spirit of self-exertion and self-confidence, and with a desire to live a better social, moral, industrial and intellectual life. And the best of the Institute is that she leads the students along the most practical lines, and according to the available reports most of her graduates are successful and better citizens.

The cardinal trouble with our educational system in India is that it violates most of the underlying principles of Modern education.

(1) "*Education must be articulated to the life of the community.*" But our system separates the students from the community and generally makes him a weakling unfit to fight the battle before him. It does not interest the rich and the nobles and that is the greatest drawback. It is a shame that a young man after getting an education can live idle, and prefer to let the Government take care of his estates.

(2) Education aims at supplying what a people has not, but ought to have, and also at rectifying the defects discovered through history. Does our system satisfy these ?

The Institute takes it for granted that in

most students, if not in every one, there are most of the inherent powers, or at least some of the powers that perform all the great things of the world. The aim is to make the students realise the existence of those powers, and to put them on the right track for the full development of those abilities.

Every student has got a record book. It is a very concise history of his career in the Institute, and a student may graduate even without appearing in the final examination if the book is very good. A student will never graduate if he has got any bad remark about his social and moral character that has not been atoned for. Again a student cannot get his diploma even after securing the best marks in the final examination if he had a very bad record in the daily works. The students are always expected to appear in the quarterly as well as the final examinations without even a day being allowed for preparation. The Institute thinks that education will proceed hand in hand with the struggle among the *realities* of life. They do not attach too much importance to one particular thing to the neglect of others. When in India, we make a student fail for not being able to appear in an examination or for a few spell

mistakes we do not realise the great harm that we might be committing. Those who became great were all students of *life*; and with many of them the education did not even begin until they left the company of the teacher.

The Institute is very particular about the health of the students and sees that they form all the necessary habits for keeping in good health. All throughout the twenty four hours of the day the student is a part of the disciplinary machine; and the Major's eyes passing through the various organised ways are always upon him. In my time there were some 2000 students, and the Major knew every one of them. If any student failed to fall in with the requirements of the Institute there was sure to be a crime sheet about him. The students are given demerits for any wrong action, and hundred demerits constitute a warning or expulsion according to the decision of the Tuskegee Council.

I beg to talk of a student who was given a warning after 100 demerits, and was expelled when another hundred demerits were found booked against his name.

He was a very good student both in his Academic and Technical branches. His appearance was very attractive and age could not be

more than 18. His mode of talking English was very pleasant, and I do not think any one ever disliked him. But he had a weak constitution and could not work hard. This was his main defect as well as the main cause of his ultimate expulsion.

There is no reason why a young man's health should go down at Tuskegee. Time flies like a happy bird on golden wings. The student is either working or enjoying sound sleep. He cannot refuse to sleep; for the lights must be out by ten P. M. If in the morning he is a *second* late in entering the dining hall, he is shut out and will be waiting for some rebuke at least, if not for demerits. After breakfast begins the routine of duties. There is not even a solid half an hour for the student to be used in any way he likes. If he misuses one hour he is sure to be caught. Whether in the dining hall, in the drill ground, in the class room, in the library, or in the workshop there are eyes that are looking for him.

During my first few weeks I felt a pain all over my body owing to the routine of hard duties that I was subjected to all of a sudden. I used to make aching sounds in bed in the morning, and my room-mate used to laugh over it. But still I

never complained, as no one does, and never felt the grinding for even a day. The whistle for beginning to work was as pleasant as the bugle-call to the play-ground. Pleasant recreation came from the frequent changes in duties as well as places. Even if you have causes for anxieties you can't get a chance to worry over them, or to dream away some time. Every night in the Chapel and most days on the lawns you will be listening to the sweetest music. Even when you sit down to eat in the dining hall a band will be playing from the gallery.

Some persons among the teachers are paid for any reasonable criticism of the Institute. Every year the upper classes are requested to submit to the Principal in writing any individual or general complaint that they may have. But no one ever complained of bad food or bad sanitation at Tuskegee.

Under all these circumstances the Major could reasonably ask a student why his health was falling. He could not give any satisfactory explanation, and the Major let him go with the advice to do his duties to the best of his abilities; but he became very strict about him, and began to watch whether he attended the class-meetings, the club-meetings, the chapel, the drill and other

duties regularly or not. The Major found hi movements unsatisfactory, and demerits accumu lated against his name until he was served wit a notice to leave the Institute within a limite number of days.

As far as I could judge, the boy overrate his own merits, and used to indulge in da dreams. All the attempts to lead him alon the sound and practical lines of success in lif met with a total failure.

At Tuskegee it is compulsory that ever student of the upper classes must be a membe of some Debating Club and be present in th class-meetings that decide about such class busi ness as games, feasts, picnics, complaints an so on. It is in these places that the student learn the art of debating, the parliamentar rules and formalities, and get into the ways o co-operation and combination. A teacher wil generally be sitting like a dumb creature in on corner, and will never utter a word unless i becomes absolutely necessary.

The Chapel was not a place for prayers an sunday services only, but a common hall for th entire body of students, teachers and visitors The best synonym for it would be a famil parlour. There the students meet in the mos

orderly manner and pass many occasions that cannot be forgotten. It is an unwritten law at Tuskegee that every welcome visitor must talk to the students. In that great Chapel the Tuskegee students had the good luck to come in touch with, and hear from such great men as Theodore Roosevelt, W. H. Taft, Lord Bryce, Andrew Carnegie, and many others of great fame and influence. And as I said before, the Principal never missed a chance to talk to the students. His talks in the Chapel were as simple as possible, and his attitude was always like that of a father of great experience. He was an expert in the art of speaking, and never carried on a talk without some such touches of humour as would make every one laugh. There were such occasions in the Chapel when we laughed to utter exhaustion.

A great beauty as well as a distinct feature of the American oratory is this timely touch of humour. A ring of laughter refreshes the mind after some serious attention, and makes it possible to hold attention continuously.

We, the people of India, can never imagine the sentiments that an American bears towards his Alma Mater. They are the outgrowths of many happy days of co-operation, and good feeling

inside the school compass. And I think that due to two reasons the sentiments of the Tuskegee students are stronger than the sentiments of students of many other places. The first reason is that the problem of money does not worry the students. The Institute helps a great deal, and finds a way for every desirable student no matter how poor he may be; and there is not the slightest distinction between a rich and a poor student. The other reason is that the Institute is co educational, and the past memories of many happy couples are associated with her.

Our graduating ceremony appeared to me like a funeral ceremony. Most of the students were touched by the thought of the approaching day of leaving the Institute—a day of separation from dear friends of many years—a day that was the end of many golden days. The sickness of the heart began when the rehearsal of the ceremony began, and it reached its climax when a chosen student of the Class delivered the farewell address to the Institute. There were tears in the eyes of many students and a few teachers. Some girls of Spanish descent who had come from the Spanish colonies and were in the Institute for some five or six years, were almost uncontrollable. Booker T. Washington

stood up with a few words of consolation, but a man of iron will as he was, he too seemed to be affected.

The education of a person begins from home and his environments; but Tuskegee is a new home for young men and young women; and when they come out, reborn as it were, with the ideas, ideals, abilities and the inspirations that the Institute intends to endow them with, they are said to have got the Tuskegee spirit.

Among all nations there is a desire to lay claims to respect or high estimation of others for special things or things that they are proud of. Their claims, however, are always disputable; but there are two things in which the United States surpasses all other nations modern or ancient, and their claims to high estimation for them are quite undisputable.

The United States has got the highest buildings in the world. To plan and perform big things is a special Yankee characteristic He prefers to talk in billions rather than in millions. The bigger the job is, the gladder and the more energetic the Yankee feels.

But higher, nobler, grander and more far-reaching is the other thing for which the respect for the Americans is spreading all over the

globe. It is the American spirit of friendliness towards other nations and races.

The United States is spending more money and more energy for other nations and races than any other country. There is hardly a land where the wealth of Uncle Sam has not gone forward for charity or for the establishment of libraries and schools. But Tuskegee Institute is the greatest testimonial of this American spirit of friendliness. In the history of the wide world this is the first and the only instance of one race spending unlimited sums of money for the uplift of another race of another type; for the special aim of the Tuskegee Institute is to help and improve the conditions of the Americans with the African blood. Thanks to the pioneers of that noble country aud her children!

I received my diploma in 1909, but I had to wait at Tuskegee another full term and a summer as a post-graduate in order to finish the Electrical course.

I received my Electrical Certificate in 1911. It was a very notable occasion, for the whole world was then thinking about a very unusual event, and Tuskegee was not an exception. It was the Halley's comet that shone over us while we were preparing to leave the Institute.

Mr. Phelps was then in Colombo, Ceylon. He helped me with some fifty dollars in 1908. I borrowed some credit as loan from the Institute and was able to push on. In 1910 I was a post-graduate and was able to earn almost the whole of my expenses. But when I was ready to leave in 1911, I had no money and wrote to Mr. Phelps for thirty dollars. Though so far away, he was not even a day late in giving me what I had asked for. Such friends are rare indeed.

I had the good fortune to come in close touch with one of the Trustees of Tuskegee Institute. I have forgotten his name. He was a very good man and gave me a letter of introduction to one of his relatives—son-in-law's brother —who was holding a very important post in G. E. Co. in Schenectady. I left Tuskegee with that letter and did not entertain the slightest doubt in getting a post on my reaching the destination.

On the way there was hardly anything important except one thing that I must tell here. I was in the 3rd. class of a small steamer going up to Albany. There were a few merry Americans near me, and one of them brought several bottles of Beer for having a good time. He

offered me a glass which I courteously refused declaring that I don't drink. This was a great surprise to him.

"Look here !" he said loudly to his comrades, "Here is a fellow who says he does not drink."

This remark brought all the eyes on me. One fellow stood up and approached me with a very pleasant smile where there was not only wonder and simplicity but something else. He shot at me several questions in rapid succession and I had to give in at the fifth question.

"Do you tell lies ?" was his fifth query.

"Sometimes." I replied.

"Here you are !" he looked at others with an air of conquest. "Can't go to heaven."

The major portion of the night we had a very fine time there. There were whistling, singing and a lot of yearning. I could not help admiring their gay and good disposition, and their habit of drinking did not decrease my admiration for them even by a hair's breadth.

Innocence is not a virtue. It is like worshipping the idol that neither curses nor blesses If you want the blessings, don't be afraid to approach your god. The curses may fall to

your fate, but even then you will be ahead of those that never moved out of fear. I do not believe in drinking, nor in abstinence from it. It all depends on the mental and physical necessity. The poison that kills may revive some patients, but don't try it in every case.

I approached the gate-keeper of G. E. Co. at Schenectady, and presented the letter of introduction. He went through a book containing the names of the important men of the firm aud could not find the name. He then advised me to go to the Reception Room in the office building and enquire again. I obeyed accordingly.

About fifteen minutes later, I was told very courteously that the gentleman I wanted was transferred to Pittsfield, and that no one knew if at any time he would come back or not. It was an office boy of about thirteen that was talking to me. He talked and looked like the smartest fellow in the world. He spoke with an air of regret, but I was now a changed man and could not be satisfied with mere courtesies. I took the boy into confidence and explained that I must have a job. He suggested that I should see some foreman. I at once agreed, and he carried my letter to the man who was the best

in his opinion. That man, again, suggested that I should see one Mr. E. J. Ryan who was Private Secretary to the Chief Engineer of the Pittsfield Works, and who would be able to call up any one in Pittsfield for me.

This Mr. Ryan is a great friend of mine whom I shall never forget. He is a very good man too. I showed him my Diploma and Certificates and explained my present circumstances. He worked harder for me than one is inclined to believe. Let me please cite here one incident that proclaims about the nobility of his soul louder than all the words I can write down.

Mr. Ryan began to think about the means of my passing the night before I did. As I had only a few dollars left with me, he did not think it wise to go to a hotel. He called up by the phone one Indian—the only Indian that worked at Schenectady—and I talked with him, and arranged to pass the night without any expense. He gave me his address, and Mr. Ryan after his office hours undertook to find out the place for me.

I had a suit-case with me, that was pretty heavy. Mr. Ryan insisted on carrying it for me at least part of the way, and I had to let him do it. Now compare his position with mine and

then find out the height of his noble character. In most countries the nobles are born, and in many cases they are found to be rogues. But in the United States the nobles are turned out by her social Institutions, and most of them prove to be angels without the wings. Thanks to the country and her social Institutions !

Mr. Ryan called up by the phone the gentleman I wanted, though he was some thirty miles away. Unfortunately he could not do anything for me. Then Mr. Ryan called up one of his own friends in the same Pittsfield Works of G. E. Co., and was able after a tiresome search to secure a post for me. He gave me a letter and some directions for going to Pittsfield and then bid me good-bye.

Mr. H. Tobey of Pittsfield, Massachusettes, who secured the post for me was a young Engineer of medium size and great refinement Besides being an able Engineer for G. E. Co., he was a member of the Pittsfield City Council. From this, however, it must not be construed that he did not like Engineering or was not working whole-heartedly for the Firm. He once gave a very interesting talk on some Engineering in Italy, though he was in that country only once, and that was on his honey-moon. But still

no husband and wife formed a better or happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Tobey.

Mr. Tobey was very kind to me. The very first day I met him, he offered to lend me some money if I needed, and went about in the town with me in order to find a room for me. When everything was fixed up, he gave me his home address and told me that he would be pleased to receive me at his own house at any time.

THE AMERICAN HOME-LIFE.

I had many happy occasions with Mr. Tobey that I shall never forget. Many times I went to his house without any engagement and still every successive visit was more pleasant. One fine summer afternoon I was with him in his automobile. We motored up on the top of a neighbouring hill outside the town, and enjoyed a very good time. There was Mrs. Tobey and also a cousin brother of Mr. Tobey. On our way back we stopped at a very refined house in the town and took supper with two elderly ladies. One was the aunt and the other was the mother of Mr. Tobey. They were very refined and learned characters, and knew even about the kind of water we bathe in during the river-side festivals. Mr. Tobey was living separate not because there was any friction or misunderstanding, but because that is the prevailing custom. As soon as a son or a daughter is married he or she will start a new family. This custom is very good, for it accelerates racial expansion and encourages self-help.

Mr. Tobey once gave me a formal invitation to a dinner through the telephone. I think it

was on a New Year's day and was expressed in the name of Mrs. Tobey. There were more gentlemen invited, and a little programme was prepared. Whenever an American invites a friend or a guest of distinction, a programme is a sure thing, and the dinner is only a normal item in it. But such programmes are a matter of course with the American home-life, and they are gone through without any effort or much preparation. The first item is reception as natural, followed by introductions and acquaintance. I regret to say that many of the most educated people among us cannot perform this preliminary item very satisfactorily. There at Mr. Tobey's the second item was a game of cards. It came as a matter of course because the dinner was not quite ready. The talk continued throughout the game, and even at table afterwards. No one will interrupt while one is talking. No one will miss a chance to utter a word of admiration for the other party concerned. No one will try to monopolise the talk or the company of a person. No one will intrude while two persons are talking with interest. And the begging of pardon is always at the tip of the tongue for the slightest mistake or wrong of any kind. The primary aim and

object of every person is to make the occasion pleasant, and present himself or herself at the best. It taxes upon the patience, self control and tact of many of the persons present. It is not a question of being the right only, but of preventing oneself from being in any way associated with the wrong. You may have to worship the very god you hate, and exactly coincide in what you don't believe. After the dinner we came back to the drawing room and chatted pleasantly. It is the duty of the persons present and of the host in particular, to see that the interest does not lag behind. In refined societies the gentlemen do not smoke before the ladies, and in many parts of the United States the drinking at the family table or in the family-parlour is not yet permissible. The occasion at Mr. Tobey's was brought to a pleasant conclusion by some sweet music played on the piano by Mrs. Tobey. I shall never forget these happy hours, and let me please record here some more happy memories that will throw light on the American home-life.

In Chicago I lived over two years with a German-American family as almost one of them. My only relation with them was that I rented one of their rooms; but congenial association

made them as near and dear to me as possible. Mr. Dehnert, the father and the main earner of the family, was an emigrant from West Prussia. He was a silent and hard worker, and never talked much. At the age of 45, and father of six children, he was attending night school in order to get over some difficulties he met with in his business, and also to secure an increment. The mother was the manager of the family, used to look after some eleven rooms in the rented building, do the marketing and make almost all the dresses required by the family. Her character and ability can be seen through the fact that she gave a severe scolding to the eldest daughter Mamie of about 17 years of age for putting a little powder on the face, and made her wash it off at once. Next to Mamie there were Stephena, Harie, Martha, Edy and then Laylie the youngest. All of them were attending school except the eldest and the youngest.

One Sunday noon an Indian friend rang me up through the telephone. I was in my room on the second floor. Mamie came to respond, and called me saying that I was wanted at the phone. I came down and began to talk, while Mamie stood near and began to listen. Let me call the friend Mr. K. whom I gave an invitation in the

following manner,—"Mr. K., you better come to my place. There are some very nice and pretty girls here. I shall introduce them to you, and I am sure you will like them."

Mr. K. agreed, and after putting back the ear-piece to its place I turned at Mamie. There was a sweet smile on her face. Some happy hours were in anticipation.

"Mr. K. is a very nice young man." I said, "He came out successfully as a Mechanical Engineer from a good University. I am sure you will all like him."

My talk was more or less like that of a father or a brother who is proud of having nice girls at home and is very anxious to see them make acquaintance with good and promising young men. Such invitations and such admirations are usual in the American Society no matter how out of the way they may appear to us.

Mr. K. came in time and was received by Mamie. When I came down at her call every one was present in the parlour except Mr. Dehnert and Stephena. He was not at home, and she, I felt, was perhaps putting the last touches on her coiffure. I guessed right, for when she appeared she looked like the most carefully finished and attractive piece of art. She

was in her newest gown and appeared very bashful when she entered the parlour. She walked straight to the piano-stool and sat down with her back towards most of us and her finger on the keys.

"This is my second daughter, Stephena," Mrs. Dehnert remarked at Mr. K., and asked her to play some music. The piano at once tinkled, and her running fingers on the keyboard were as graceful as the music was sweet.

The proceedings here were not in exact accord with the most careful and modern ways. A reception at an American family quarter is most often theatrical, though quite natural, with even the elements of surprise.

After playing a couple of sweet pieces of popular music, Stephena turned on the rotating stool and faced us. Silence reigned for nearly five seconds. This was a chance for Mr. K. to talk, and it came to him automatically. But he did not know how to utilise it. I am sure he wanted to admire the music at least, but to express the admiration in a proper way was not a natural thing with him. Books cannot teach how to love nor how to entertain. These things grow within, and keep on developing if the atmosphere is favorable.

The Americans are congenital entertainers. Stephena, Mr. Dehnert told me, acted in the church when she was only three years old, and she did it so beautifully that the audience wanted to know whose child it was.

While at Pittsfield I was once sitting on the veranda in a hot summer afternoon. A little girl of about 3 years of age dragged her toy-chair to me and said "Mr. Day, do you mind if I sit by you ?"

I once went to see my friend Mr. Robinson at Oscawana. He was out, and Mrs. Robinson was too busy and begged to be excused for a few minutes. Little Grace came to me and began to talk, first on the weather, then on the modes of dress in different countries, and last of all on the family games that gave her a chance to bring her dominoes and teach me how to play with them. But when her mother came, she lost all her interest in me and did nothing but to smile and listen.

If there is nothing to interest a party weather is always the handiest thing to talk upon. It interests every one, and every one has something to say about it. The simple utterance of the morning or evening greetings sounds a little sharp and even rude. So it is usual to put in a remark

about the weather,—"It is a very fine day"—for instance. The other party will at once agree though he or she could quite reasonably declare that his or her eyes were good enough to see it. This is the usual way, and it serves also as a means of finding out the party that wants a company and is not engaged.

Mr. K. had no training in the art of entertainment, and made a very bad figure of himself in the parlour. He had not mixed much with the Americans. That was the main cause, and I would not wonder if the noble piece of divine and human art seated on the stool before him had stupefied him, or transferred his real soul into a world where there is nothing but happy dreams and endless enjoyments.

The woman as well as the fine art have the inherent power to inspire. Our Indian Society reaps but a meagre benefit from the latter, while the inspiring influence of the former cannot in the least exercise its miraculous power.

One of the greatest Hindu problem is the marriage of daughters There are very few families among the Hindus that do not pay in sorrows and anxieties for the solution of it. But the American parents have no reason to worry. The daughters are more welcome to them than

the sons. The more is their number the happier and brighter is the home.

The cause of this wide difference is first of all the laws of inheritance that deprive our women of all rights, and thus take away the land from under their feet as it were. The American girls inherit equally with their brothers, and receive better attentions from parents on account of their congenital delicacy.

At the present stage of India's economical growth the problems of Hindu marriages will never be solved unless the laws of inheritance are altered. When at every turn of our life we want money, the vows and meetings against the dowry are mere childishness. Bidyasagar's efforts for widow-remarriage were like pulling the tree by the leaves in order to uproot it. The leaves came off and the tree remained just where it grew. Let the laws of inheritance be altered, and once the widows find a ground to stand upon, they will declare their own rights, and remarry without any broker, if they like.

Secondly, the early age of marriage contributes a great deal to the difficulty of the problem. Once an old father approached a clerk of some 40 rupees worth for marrying his daughter to him. He put the *request* before him very

submissively and with a plaintive narration of his physical and financial condition, The clerk replied that he could easily marry the daughter to a *kuli* without any dowry.

Our Society is upside down. There are some eighteen thousand prostitutes to whom the people of Calcutta are paying money as well as respects regularly. It could not be a wonder if that very clerk was worshipping a fallen creature of the underworld with the whole of his income. But still he could not enter into the sacred bond of love *without being paid.* I am sure he would have never uttered those words *before* the old man's daughter. On the other hand if she were aged enough and allowed to exercise the inherent power of *virtue* and feminine charms, she might have strung him like an angler. In France the girls are free *after* their marriage. *Before* that time they cannot even write a letter without the sanction of the guardian. There is no courtship as in England or America. But there is no age limit for marriage and no obstacle in the way of earning a livelihood. The result is that the girl can wait, and her parents can exact a dowry from the fellow who wants to marry her. The marriage custom is almost similar in Italy and Arabia. I once saw a pretty Arab girl

grazing a number of donkeys and sheep. I learnt that her father demands a dowry of 40 English pounds from her would-be husband. She has no fear of a livelihood, and the law of the State protects her person wherever she may go. Let the State give more legal protection to the women of Northern India and they are sure to wake up to their duties out of the home. Then there will not be so many cases of shocking suicide and dishonorable dependency. Those who dread the idea of freedom of the women are mere children. Let them go, not to America, nor to Europe, but to some other province of their own country, only a few hundred miles away, and study the customs and manners of their own race.

In Southern India the Hindu women are quite free. Any number of young and pretty wives of the most conservative Hindus are seen in the streets and the tram-cars side by side with strange gentlemen. Their ideas and ideals and the virtues are in no way inferior to those of other Hindus, and their historical record is rather better.

I shall never forget an young Arab woman who concealed her pretty face from me, but called me a few seconds later, and showed me the

proper way, for the road I had taken was a blind one. They cover their faces, but there is not a place where they cannot go, and hardly a business that they cannot do.

It is the ideas and the ideals that shape the characters; and with the same amount of freedom and moral education the women will behave far better than the men.

Now coming back to our point, Mr. K. did not open his lips, and Mrs. Dehnert came forward to save the interest of the occasion.

"Mr. K." she said "you take this chair. You are not comfortable on that sofa."

But it seemed that he could not move, and courteously declared that he was all right there. Some more pieces of music were played. A few songs were sung. Stephena acted a part very artistically. Harie and Edy both performed some recitations. The occasion was on the whole very pleasant, but Mr. K. all throughout, appeared unable even to admire properly. I felt very bad about it, and at a suitable interval I had asked Mrs. Dehnert if she would like to hear us talk in our Indian language. She agreed, and thus I secured a chance to talk to Mr. K. in their unknown language without offending any one and without their knowledge of the subject. I

explained how he could contribute to the amusements of the occasion. There were lots of photographs on the walls. He could question about them. All girls generally keep an album, and one album may contribute a lot to the amusements and keep the parties engaged for hours. I explained how he could properly ask the girls to show their albums. But the feeling that I knew his difficulties made the case worse, and I was glad when I felt that we could properly bring the occasion to a close.

It must not be considered that because of the social freedom, men and women are all the time thinking of friendship and pleasant company. The people of the opposite sexes living in the same building, and even in side-by-side rooms are strangers and do not talk even once in a year. Among the ambitious young men and women of the better class people there is rather a tendency to avoid the pleasures of close companionship no matter how courteous they may be, and though no ceremony in America looks well without an equal number of both the sexes. The reason is quite plain. Many girls dread the idea of falling in love and condemn the very thought of love at first sight. Their dignity and idea of self-respect will prevent them from making themselves cheap

in any way. With the yonng men, again, there is a tendency not to be caught by the charms of any lady, and they early realise that such pleasures cause too much fruitless expenditure iu money and in time. They plan and hope to court and marry when the time comes. A young man and a young woman might be seeing each other every day, and they may be craving for each other's company, but still they won't talk to each other without a proper introduction unless some business brings them together.

A pretty girl was once taking photos. for money in a park in the summer time. "Come on, young man, I like to take your photo." she said to me, "It will cost only ten cents and ten minutes time." I agreed, and after the business was at an end she said "*Pardon* me for being so inquisitive,—do you come from India ?"

Again the affair of love and friendship is not of the same kind among all classes of people. An Irish-American joined in the Spanish-American war and never returned.

"I don't think he is dead", said his wife to me, "but I don't care. I reared up my children just the same."

She was a very active Irish woman, and reared up three daughters with great difficulty. The

eldest one, let me call her Miss A, was now about 19 years old. The mother used to take care of the rented house, keeping at times as many as four roomers, while two of the girls worked in some factory. All of them knew how to read and write and were now well-provided and happy. Before their house there stood a tree just close to the street, and it made the front of the veranda very nice and shady. They used to string in the summer a hammock between the tree and the corner post of the house. Two pieces of romance are connected with this hammock and I shall never forget it.

I was one of their roomers, and when one evening I returned from my work I saw a big man of about 45 sleeping on the hammock. A man passing along the street asked who he was. One girl replied smilingly that he was their father who had just returned. It was a joke, but this man who had just come with two young sons to room with them actually tried to become their father. Many times I saw him hobnobing with the mother who could legally marry again, but she did not give him the least encouragement. She would be working with the sewing machine and he would be sitting on the sofa close by, but never to be favoured with a smile of the kind he

wanted. Some three months later he left the place, and I think the cause was nothing but the soreness of disappointment. But his elder son remarked that the house was no good and was stinking.

About the other romance, two sisters came from a neighbouring town in order to pay them a friendly visit. The elder one, about sixteen years old, was very pretty. Many times I saw her lying or swinging on the hammock, and I noticed many passers-by casting backward glances. Under the green leaves and in front of the painted-white balustrade of the veranda, the girl swinging on a many-coloured hammock with the legs hanging, was indeed making a very good subject for an artist.

One fellow whom I knew very well became a victim of her charms. He was not an educated fellow, nor very clever either. He tried to pretend, but did not know how to do it well. The clever people saw his weakness and his Land-lady circulated that he did not possess a single pair of good underwears to put on under his pretty coat. Let me call him Mr. B. and the pretty girl Miss C.

One fine Sunday afternoon I was sitting on the veranda and Miss C. was swinging on the

hammock. Mr. B. asked about Miss A. in a tone of great familiarity and long acquaintance. He put the question to me, but his eyes became rivetted on Miss C. within a second, and his main object was also the acquaintance of Miss C. Both myself and Miss C. answered at the same time that Miss A. was inside. At this he approached the girl, and took his seat on the grass just before her legs. She sat up, and the scene was just like a Hindu worshipping a goddess. Miss C. then left the hammock in order to call Miss A. and it happened that the latter was just coming out. A couple of minutes later, there were five girls on the lawn under the leafy tree—two on the grass and three on the hammock, with Miss A. in the centre and looking down at Mr. B.

Mr. B. failed to make any impression on Miss C. She was a school-girl, and still too young, though there are rare cases of American girls marrying at the age of 13 and 14. Perhaps a school-boy would have interested her much more, and Mr. B. made the greatest mistake by asking for Miss A. in that familiar tone, for it meant that he was looking for Miss A. who was his friend. There is no rivalry among girls of Miss C's age, and it is almost an unwritten law among sisters in a family that they will never stand in

one another's way, and that the eldest sister must get her share of opportunities, and the younger ones mnst be patient for her sake.

Mr. B. found himself in a very peculiar position. He had to court Miss A. while thinking of Miss C. A few days later the two sisters went away, but still things began to develop very rapidly. One evening I was surprised by the sound of an automobile in front of the house. Mr. B. was giving his would-be fiance and the rest of the family an auto.-ride. But the very next day the lovers fell out. I don't know why, but a few days later I heard the mother saying regrettingly to Mr. B. that she was "an awful straight girl." Mr. B. hung about Miss A. pretending that he was coming to the house to see me and other roomers who were his friends. But the sisters behaved very distantly, and Miss A. did not even talk.

I had made many other friends at Pittsfield. Their names are still in my note-book. But I cannot write everything without enlarging the book beyond the plan. However, I must say a few words about Mr. Lamb with whom and at whose house I had many happy occasions. He was a Scottish Emigrant married and settled down in Massachusettes. He was much older than

myself but not less bold. He wanted to photograph in midwinter the top of Mount Grelock which is the highest point in Massachusettes. Accordingly we formed a party of some six men, and landing at the nearest point from the train began to climb up.

The day was very bad. Patches of cloud swam across the sky and made it bright and dark too frequently. A mass of darkness perched on the top of Grelock always threatened us with a bad luck. We became discouraged and after some hesitation gave up the attempt. We sat under a tree and finished the lunch we carried, and then returned to the railway track eating wild apples all along the road.

Mr. Lamb invited me to another attempt. But when I woke up in the morning I saw a heap of snow at the window. It meant a worse day than on the former occasion, and I put my head back under the quilt. When I went to Mr. Lamb's in the evening he was developing the photographs from the top of the Mount, for the day had become better a short time afterwards. I thanked Mr. Lamb for his bravery. Those who will succeed are sure to try whether it rains or shines.

Mr. Lamb was a man of very sound character.

He had become a widower at an early age, but still he never courted another woman and remained spotless in his character. His wife, I presumed, was not on good terms with her parents, and called her mother-in-law before her death, and asked her to take care of her baby-son.

When I first asked Mr. Lamb about his son he said very sadly—"Mr. Day, we don't talk about him in the family."

This boy ran away from school at the age of about 19 and began to work, and then got married with a *Catholic* girl of Irish descent. There was no communication between the father and the son. The rumours brought this news first. Mr. Lamb went over to enquire, and the city directory confirmed the matter. We asked Mr. Lamb many times to marry again, but he would always say,

"If I marry now who will look after my mother ?"

"No, my son," the old mother would say, "you can marry at any time. Don't say that I am in the way. I can look after myself."

The mother and son were both equally ready to sacrifice for each other.

Long before I said good-bye to Mr. Lamb his son began postal communication with him.

He got a baby, and seemed to be in financial difficulty. He wrote for his dolls and skates and rollers, and once sent the photos. of his pretty wife and baby. We took these as timid attempts to soften the heart of the old father Mr. Lamb sent the things he asked for, but never wrote a letter. I earnestly hope that they have made up their differences by this time, and the little grandchild has already begun to pull old Mr. Lamb by the hair.

I liked Pittsfield very much, and I beg to say here something about the town that is sure to interest my countrymen.

THE CITY OF PITTSFIELD.

I was fortunate enough to be particularly well-acquainted with the people of the above mentioned city and with their different aspects of life. Pittsfield ranks among the first-class American cities through which the best parts of the American life can be seen. This is really a town though customarily it is called a city. A detailed history of the city contains almost all the points of the American history. Its early settlers plunged into frequent bloody wars with the Red men of whom only some traces exist there to day.

The people in the city participated in the war against the French and took a very energetic part in the revolutionary war against England. Their military deeds were particularly remarkable In the Civil War. All around the central part of the city there are many inscriptions on huge stones and walls about brave generals and soldiers. In the Central park, named so, because of its central position, there stands the magnificent statue of a soldier facing the street, built in honour of those who gave their lives for the Union.

The moral and social standard of the city is very high. I think this is due primarily to the dominating influence of the people of the Puritan stock. I could not find out what proportion of the people descended from that stock; but the laws, customs and ideas clearly testify that Puritanism still holds sway over the city. Such things as unmarried persons living together and professional love making, things that are considered in many cities as a matter of course, hardly exist there. The city is always on the guard against these things and now and then makes some arrests. Individual freedom is very great, but nobody is considered free to violate a moral law.

There are many foreigners in the city, consisting generally of the Irish, French, Italian, Polish and others, many of whom are wholly Americanized. In a small town like Pittsfield—only about four square miles with about thirty-three thousand population in all, the foreigners are much affected by the neighbourly influence of the American ideas, ideals and ways, and thus the moral and social level of the place is higher than that of the city of Boston of world-wide cultural fame. Among the thirty three thousand population there are more than forty churches,

which is a very healthy sign compared with other cities. There is no enforcement for going to the church, but most of the people are members of some church. All kinds of business close on Sundays, and even to-day, in that city, religion forms a very conspicuous aspect of the life of the people.

In Pittsfield there are twenty eight schools, beginning from the Kindergarten up to High School. There is no College. I think it is because there are so many of them within the State. The education within the city is mainly academic, though there are arrangements for some business courses also. Only a few of the children of the city have at present a chance to get any industrial training. The city is considering a plan of making industrial training a part of all the public schools. There are about five-thousand and six-hundred students in those schools. Besides the Day-schools there are Night-schools with an average membership of about two hundred persons, men and women, boys and girls. Some of the Night-school students are illiterate adults from Europe who try to learn how to read, write and speak the English language. There are two newspapers published in the city supplying the people with the news of

the world, of the country, of the state and the city also. Hardly a day passes within the city without some public lecture of some cultural value.

I was once fortunate enough to address a Club of about fifty women in the city. These women are very devoted Christians and do a great deal in advancing the Christian Missionary work. Most of them are well-educated, but know very little about the Eastern fields where they support the Missionaries.

The Foreign Mission, I thought, was mainly a patriotic work and a lucrative business to the Missionaries who will not mind even telling a lie in order to make the profession a success. My observations in the United States, however, brought about a change in the idea. There are many who are actually inspired by the faith that by spreading Christianity they will be helping the cause of God.

The United States of America is an exceptional country with an exceptional people who can offer the best things they have to the cause of God and the welfare of other nations. If she can save herself form the National Imperialism and the Disguised Despotism—two of her great internal enemies, I have not the slightest doubt

that she will before long become the spiritual leader among mankind.

The main marketing part of the city is less than a square mile. There are six or seven banks, two remarkably pure hotels, and many stores with all necessary goods, some of which are six stories high. But business is going on in all parts of the city. Shops, factories and mills are scattered all over. The largest electric shop employs nearly five thousand persons, men and women. A paper factory employs nearly twelve hundred persons, more women and less men. Three woollen factories employ about fifteen-hundred men and women. Besides these big Companies there are many small ones with various numbers of employees. This city has customers in almost all parts of the world. The farmers are few and attract hardly any notice. Less than one per cent of active men and women are unemployed. The average weekly wages of men are about fifty rupees and those of women less than thirty rupees.

There is no such thing as begging, though under the stress of circumstances there are persons, though rare, who are obliged to ask for help. The city is very charitably disposed towards the old helpless men and women and have provided

for them an Old Women's Home. The only professional begging in the city was that of a blind man who used to stand by the street and turn a musical instrument in order to attract the notice of the passers-by. I think the city made a special allowance for him, as he had to support a little family.

This country is attracting at present, more hordes of money-making foreigners than did India in her most prosperous days. Indian society was exclusive, and the Government unpatronizing; but the American society and Government are both inclusive, and destroy most of the causes that might make a foreigner go back. "This is a fine country," is the expression of an average European when he first emigrates and finds the better conveniences of life. But when he can't get the desired amount of rest after toiling days and nights, he begins to think "where is the freedom ?"

The city of Pittsfield is very prosperous and this prosperty is but another name for the output of human energy. Thirty per cent of the people, including men and women, boys and girls above fourteen years of age, can be classed as labourers and have to work hard for a living. Science has rendered the work easy and pleasant

and the workers have little to say about its hardness; but they cannot quit the work and still hope for a dinner. This is the only complaint.

We, the people of India, do not quite understand "the rapidity of circulation of money" which makes the Western countries appear much richer than they are. The big concerns take from the Banks some ten laks of Rupees on Saturdays and pay them to the men of Pittsfield. That very day about the whole amount will go into the Banks and other hands, and by Monday they will again change hands and stand as capital.

It is interesting to know what the more fortunate people of the city are doing. The poor class is nothing but a part of the industrial machine, but the other classes, you will be pleased to know, are engaged in all kinds of human activities besides money-making.

Now and then a balloon rises from the city. A new invention from the city may surprise the people who did not expect anything. The waves of new thoughts and ideas are rushing over the country, and every now and then its citizens are confronted by new movements—political, social and religious.

The city is divided into seven wards. Each ward sends two councilmen like two senators,

and an alderman, as the popular representatives. These twenty-one members form the legislative body of the city which is called the "City Council." The Mayor of the city is the chief executive and his power is very much curtailed by the Council. The executive function, under the Mayor, is divided into many departments, each with its head. There are the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Treasurers' Department, the Auditors' Department, and the Clerical Department that records the births, deaths, marriages, divorces, census, licenses, votes in elections and so on. There are also Boards of Supervisors of the poor, the public health and education, and also many other officers as needed. The judicial function of the city is performed by the County Judges, appointed by the Governor of the State.

The power of the city government, however, is much limited by the City Charter granted by the State. In reality this city is a citizen of the State government and the Charter is a license authorizing the city to govern itself in conformity with the State laws. The State government takes care that the city government does not mis-appropriate any money, does not come in conflict with other such cities, and preserve all

internal satisfaction. Many of the highest officials of the city have other business and do not need to give much time to city business. Some are partly paid and some are not paid at all. Of course all officers that cannot have other business are paid according to the city laws.

In most cities the people complain that the city officers are grafters. But I don't think it is true about Pittsfield where the spirit of sacrifice and helpfulness is very remarkable. The debt of the city in the year 1910 was $1. 523. 140. My readers may think that it is a bankrupt city. But it is really just the opposite. To get a clear idea of the situation let us think of the city government as an individual, and the city as his house. Now this man has to keep up a standard of living that the progress of centuries has brought upon him. He has to keep his home in the best possible condition,—the streets and side-walks well paved,—decorated with parks and trees,—well-drained and well-supplied with pure water,—and has to educate the children according to the needs of the time. He needs money, but it is almost as impossible to tax his family as it is on the part of a Railway Company to tax the *future* passengers. He has not much credit in order to borrow the money on his own

responsibility. He is too small a man to be trusted. He therefore appeals to the State Government that has a big credit, to stand at the back of his scheme. The State legislature then considers his needs and also his means before they sanction him the power to borrow and use the money. The representatives of the city in the State legislature may have to fight a long time before a proposal is sanctioned. The State Government cannot be partial to any one city, nor can they weaken the State by allowing the cities and towns to borrow too much. But as soon as the State sanctions the proposal, any one will be ready to loan the money.

Instead of borrowing money on interest the city issued bonds at a certain discount, payable at the end of a number of years. In the year 1910 the city debt was made up of the following items :—

Water Bonds	$ 641.000.00
School Bonds	389.000.00
Sewer Bonds	361.500.00
Paving Bonds	55.000.00
Other Improvement Bonds ...	64.000.00
Some Promissory Notes for special purposes ...	12.640.00
TOTAL ...	1.523.140.00

At present the city has the authority to borrow another sum of $568.471.00. This shows that the city economised a great deal and spent much less than what was expected. The city lays aside every year a certain amount to pay the debt, and the tax-payers do not feel it as a burden, but the benefits of the debts are wonderful.

Pure water runs to every house. Waste water can't stand long in any place. The city has an artistic look. The city officers can now run after the truant children and also arrest the parents for not sending the children to school. Everything is free—even the books. No one can complain that he can't afford to pay. There is no school tax. The people use water and gladly pay a water tax. The people think that they pay for water only ; but in reality they pay for many other benefits at the same time.

In the same year 1910, the City Council directed a tax levy of $415.519.00 of which $137.436.00 was to pay the city debt and the remainder was for other current city expenses. But at the same time the State Government directed to the city a tax levy of $35.627.00 and the County another sum of $36,301.00. To raise the above sum of more than $486.000.00 the

assessors fixed the rate of $19.00 on each $1.000 worth of taxable property which was valued to be $24.903.451.00.

Besides taxing the land, horses, cows and such other things, that the taxable property includes, the city raises a Poll Tax of $2.00 per year from all men above the age of twenty-two. A citizen of the city does not pay any other tax except the indirect tax to the Federal Government.

The people attach very little importance to the elective offices of the city, and the nomination and election to the same are done very quietly. Generally the Party Committees finish up every thing in private and the voting by the public is a mere farce. In the election of 1911 the Democratic and the Republican Parties agreed upon the term that the Mayor should be a Republican, but the majority in the City Council must be Democratic. This removed all causes of the election campaign, but to conform to the laws of the State they had to take votes. By counting and directing many of the votes the Parties brought about the desired results.

To the elective offices of the State Government, however, they attach much more importance. First, because they are the hightest

offices in the State; and secondly, because from those offices a man has a better chance to enter into some Federal offices in Washington. But when the Federal election time comes it seems that everybody has something at stake. It shows that the Federal Government is becoming more and more centralized and national to the detriment of the State Governments. On the election days, the shops, factories and other business concerns allow their men a certain time to go and vote. If a person does not want to vote there is no charge against him.

The city of Pittsfield is Puritan in its ideals, and its desire for pleasure is controlled by a laudable moderation compared with other places. A man coming here from the State of New York generally declares "Oh! this place is too slow, quiet and unlively." But there are sixteen saloons—one for each two thousand people, one theatre, three moving picture shows, and several public dancing halls. All these places close on Sundays, and it becomes too trying for some persons who will buy all the whisky for Sundays on Saturdays.

The theatres and the shows are generally very cheap, and for this very reason the third class people crowd these places, and the other

classes keep away. They do not like to be detected to be cheap. Now and then, some outside theatrical party comes to the city and the price of admission sometimes rises very high. On such occasions all classes of people try to be present. Absence generally means the economical inability of the absentee, and very few persons desire to acknowledge such a thing.

During my stay within the city, a foreign party came and did a great deal of advertising. The tickets were priced at a dollar, and also at fifty cents. The dollar tickets were sold long before the fifty cent tickets. Just before the show started I stood by the main road, and began to watch the people go. It seemed that there was no such thing as poverty and prosperity in the world. All persons, men and women, were equally rich, equally happy and equally wise. Autos. ! autos. ! autos. ! I counted seventy-three in about five minutes and got tired. All auto.-riders are not rich or positional persons, as in our country. Many of them are common labourers.

The dancing halls have not anything similar in our country. It is generally a beautiful hall, well-decorated with flags, flowers and many other nice things. Men and women go there, not to hear or see only, but to dance. Such places afford

opportunities for young men and women to make new friends and acquaintances, and this is the main inducement to attend them. Of course many go there for the pleasure only. Admission is given almost always on the purchase of tickets. Every dancing hall has its managing officers, rules and regulations.

In Pittsfield, all places of amusement are watched by the City Government so that nothing that is considered immoral can take place.

The city has several lakes with beautiful mountainous banks within its boundaries. One of them, in particular, is favoured in the summer time with the presence of crowds of boat-riding, travelling and pic-nicing parties. Pleasure boats are always ready to be hired.

When on some bright and calm afternoon, those boats, with gay men and women, stud the breast of the lake reflecting the clear blue sky above, an Indian cannot but be reminded of the poetic descriptions of the Kashmiris and their lakes.

Sometimes there are boat races and swimming races, and crowds of people stand on the shores to watch them.

There are several play-grounds for basket-ball and base-ball games, but they do not attract much

notice from visitors. There is, however, a private Club for the summer that deserves mention. It is a fine building with play-grounds all around and a small lake in the vicinity, all secluded from the noise and artificiality of the city. A man applying for membership is considered by the former memberes and his admission is decided upon by the majority of votes. All members pay an annual fee and are allowed to bring in their friends to participate in the games and pleasures. There are also public parks where the organised parties of citizens perform band music, and crowds of men and women will gather to listen.

The people of the city of Pittsfield are very charitable and very enthusiastic in any ideal cause. Many of its citizens were Abolitionists (of slavery). Many of them are now Prohibitionists (of intoxicating drinks). The biggest and oldest societies like the "Sons Of The Revolution", "Daughters Of The Revolution", have members in the city. Once a gentleman delivered a lecture before an audience of about three hundred men on the "Brotherhood of men." The sum and substance of the lecture was that we are all men and sons of the same Father in spite of the external differences. In no other meeting I ever heard so many applauses cheering

a lecturer. The people seemed to be enthusiastic about every argument and idea he brought forth.

In 1911 a sad tragedy occurred within the city. A boiler exploded bringing down the boiler-house, killing about half a dozen men and wounding several more. The City Government at once extended a helping hand to the relatives of the deceased and the invalid. But the private individuals and the business concerns helped much more. No one hesitated to offer five annas at least. Boys started games to help the sufferers by the price of the admission tickets. The theatres received permission of the City to give performance on Sundays to help the same cause with those days' earnings. The Churches, the Clubs and other societies joined in the same move ment. All these sources yielded within a few weeks more than thirty thousand rupees for the sufferers from the tragedy.

The people of the city observe the National as well as the State festivals very strictly. Most important among them is the 4th of July, the day of American Independence. They celebrate it by a grand show of national flags of different sizes, in all quarters of the city and in almost all houses and stores. At mid-day a procession of soldiers and many other interesting scenes and

events, together with band-music passes along the main streets of the city. In the evening of the same day, there is a great display of fire-works in the out-skirts of the town. In the silence of the place and the time, the frequent shouts and applauses and the playing of the national air, makes the affair grand and very impressive.

Decoration day is another festival celebrated mainly by decorating the graves of the soldiers that died for the national cause. The city soldiers and officials and many private individuals, make a procession and proceed to the graveyard with flags and flowers. Many widows and relatives of the dead go to the graveyard even on other days. Many of them shed a tear, clean the top of the grave and carry the weeds when they return. I think the custom originated from the belief that the souls of the dead lie within the grave until the Judgment Day.

Thanks-giving Day is another festival that reflects the spirit of the Puritans. It is a commemoration of the thanks offered to God by the "Pilgrim Fathers" after the gathering of the first harvest in the New World. There is nothing special on that day except that it is a holiday and many people believe in eating turkey or some nice dishes.

Christmas is the grandest holiday in the Christendom. In its effects on business, and in the enthusiasm of the people about it, it is the Durga Puja of America. The people celebrate it mainly by the interchanging of cards and presents among friends and relatives. The churches, the stores and the houses are decorated with Christmas trees, flowers and other ornamental works. The children are led to believe in the Santa Claus who gives them whatever they want, and the showing and the talking about the presents is almost a custom.

New Year's Day is another festival. In Pittsfield, they do nothing special except wishing friends and relatives a happy New Year. But in some other cities the time is really a grand one. When crowds of men and women throng the streets of New York and begin to blow in the happy New Year with countless horns, the waves of joy and grandeur seem to be swelling in all directions.

On the last night of October there is a very interesting celebration of "Halloween," night. According to mythology, the ghosts and spirits come out of their hiding places on that night. It is not a festival but a very interesting game. Some men dress up as women and fool the

women. So also many girls put on men's clothes and play jokes on friends and acquaintances. The children, however, enjoy the mythological inheritance in a far more interesting way by holding masquerade parties on that or some other night. I was fortunate enough to be present at one of these parties, and when I entered the parlour I could not recognize a single boy or girl, though I knew many of them. They all dressed up differently with mask on their faces and talked and laughed in an artificial tone. There are prize competitions, such as, whoever can gather up the greatest number of peanuts scattered on the floor gets a book, whoever can pin nearest to the tail of a donkey-picture on the wall after being blind-folded gets a toy gun, and so on. Most often there are refreshments, music and dances that make the time very pleasant.

In this connection I may mention another interesting amusement for children in that country. Whoever can secure the greatest number of votes will become the "May Queen." This is the law. One cent means one vote. Girls, generally under fourteen, go around for votes with a money box. Sometimes even the elderly people start canvassing for the girls. In an

appointed time the girls will deliver their boxes and after counting the money the May Queen will be found out. All this money generally goes to some church or to their school, or to some charitable fund; and the May Queen is dressed up in a royal style with a royal suite attending and is given a nice ride amidst the applauses of the people.

The city of Pittsfield is well-supplied with the best means of communication. Electric cars run along all the business streets, and through all sections of the city. Most of the neighbouring cities and towns are connected both by steam and electric railroad. There is a telegraph office through which messages can be sent anywhere in the world. Almost all houses own telephones through which verbal communications are possible between all parts and persons. There are also long-distance telephones for speaking to persons many hundreds of miles away. Almost all houses are equipped with gas or electric light or both. In some poor houses, however, the people use oil-lamps for the sake of economy. Most families cook with gas-fire, some with coal-fire, and I don't know if any family uses electric-fire for cooking. In winter, most of the houses use

steam for heating the rooms. There are, however, many houses where the oil-heater, the coal-stove with a tin chimney, or iron grate on one side of the floor with brick chimney, are still being used. Electric heater is used in a very few houses and only occasionally. There are few families who do not own a sewing machine. In the kitchen there are many cutting and grinding machines, which make cooking really a pleasant work.

The County Jail is situated within the city of Pittsfield. It is a fine looking building with such gardens in front as to make a stranger take it to be a rich home. I went to see it, and a guide took me around, showing the shoe-factory, the farm, the kitchen, the store room, the library and the chapel. After working for several hours the prisoners are allowed to read any book they like. At regular hours some clergyman comes and preaches before the prisoners. The guide showed many tools and weapons connected with the cases of crime in the county. Among many of them I still remember a hammer, a yoke and a gun. The first was hurled by a prisoner in the shoe-factory at a policeman who died at once. Two brothers working in the potato-field came from words to blows. One

took the yoke and hit the other killing him instantly. The gun was used by a man in a neighbouring city in killing his wife.

There is a Museum established at ths expense of the city. It is not very large—but worth seeing and very interesting. Besides many ancient things and curiosities, it has preserved many things of the local history and of the Indians. There are also many coins, minerals and many artificial reproductions of trees, animals and birds. I was surprised to see among the curiosities a crude idol of Krishna cut from solid white marble stone.

There is also a library established at the expense of the city. I do not remember how many volumes it contained but nobody need to complain about any book not being found there. Any treatise recommended by any person, if it be worth having, is sure to be bought and added to the library. Books can be drawn for two weeks from the library by any person entirely free of any charge and can be renewed for another two weeks, if necessary. There are many laws for the good of the reader as well as the library and any one violating any of them may be fined.

The House of Mercy is the city Hospital. Its charges are kept down by the city so that the

people of even the poorest condition can easily get the medical benefits. I went to the Ocular Department for the treatment of my eyes, and I am glad to say that I derived more benefit here than in the big cities of Calcutta, Bombay and New York. But I am gladder still to record the wonderful character of the two doctors and the nurse that attended me.

The nurse used to get a certain pay, but the Doctors used to come in turns for about two hours a day and worked entirely free of any charge. Their courtesies and sympathies went a long way in curing the trouble and in removing the pain of poverty. The sources of income to them were their own offices in the town. Sometimes patients of rich appearance were questioned as to their ability to pay. If they said that they *could* afford to pay, they were asked to go to the town. The Doctor who first prescribed medicine for my eyes seemed to be in doubts, for during my next visit I saw the other Doctor who examined *my eyes* only and declared that the prescription was the best.

My spectacles were a little loose in the frame and the Doctor told me that he would be pleased to fix them for me if I could go to his office any night after 7. I obeyed ; and the Doctor

was actually glad in doing me the service freely.

One Sunday I met the other Doctor in the Church. He gave me a very friendly smile, and shook hands. I was not in the least surprised to see that he had some duties even there. He had to lecture every Sunday in the Bible class. We have not even an idea of the educational value of the American churches, and how it is given freely.

I was engaged in G. E. Co. as a Tester of Fan Motors, and was afterwards transferred to the Transformer Testing Department. I worked there over 18 months; and my monthly savings never went higher than 150 Rupees after discounting the monthly expenses of about 80 Rupees. But after I paid off my debt to Tuskegee Institute and to some friends in New York, the balance left with me was only about 500 Rupees.

Now there was a serious problem before me. If I wanted to make money I should look for some better-paying jobs; but money after all was not the sole aim of life.

The Pastor of the North Street (Baptist, if I remember right) church that I used to attend, gave me an invitation to his house. His purpose was to see if he could convert me. I explained

that Christianity was *within* the curriculum of Hinduism, and that I could call myself a Christian without violating any precept of our Hinduism. I was not Baptised, beeause I did not believe in it, and there were many things among us that I did not believe in either. He did not argue and said thoughtfully, "I think you will be of great use to your community."

The words struck me, but even after constant thinking I could not come to any conclusion as to the services that I could render to our community excepting my profession. All that I could do was to ask God to show me the way and I am doing it even now.

I knew a New Yorker who had started a little electric shop in Chicago. He had a great faith in me and asked me to become a partner in his contracting business. The invitation was very tempting and helped me in deciding the next step that I was to take. I planned to start back for India via Chicago and San Francisco, and sound the contracting business on the way, and even stop there for some time if the things were very promising.

Accordingly I gave up my post in G. E. Co. and said good-bye to my friends; and the last dinner I had in Pittsfield was at Mr. Tobey's.

I shall never forget Pittsfield, nor the friends that I left there.

I took a circuitous road and stopped at Niagara for a short time. My purpose was to see the big Hydro-Electric Plant, and it is really a great thing. But there are many greater thiugs in the land of Uncle Sam. The Statue of Liberty that seemed to be talking to Europe over the Atlantic, the Washington Capitol that seemed to be radiating the glories of the great American Union, and the city of New York that seemed to be spreading upward, were all great things. The waterfall reminded me of the business life in America. It is roaring on day and night and never comes to an end.

CHICAGO.

In the United States of America Chicago stands first in size and second in population. Like a huge mythological tortoise she overlooks Lake Michigan, and her limbs extend very far in all directions. Chicago is a modern planned out town with vast waste lands in the North, West and South, and occupies a very central position in North America. I have no doubt that a day will come when she will be the greatest city in U. S. A. and perhaps the best big city in the world. In Chicago amusement is very cheap and the most beautiful pleasure-parks are scattered all around.

The first thing I did in that city was to look for the New Yorker and the Contracting Firm of which I did not find even a trace. Everything was sold out, and consequently I was sure to start for San Francisco within a few days. But here I met an Indian friend who preached and persuaded me to stop in Chicago and make some money.

Among many things he said, 'You must not land in India without some money. The Americans are making laws against us. I agree with

you ; but we must be able to bear them patiently. I understand that you are very patriotic, and your ideas on education and the means of mass-education in India are simply wonderful discoveries. But don't you know that those very people for whose welfare and education you thought so much, and are ready to sacrifice so much, will outcast you ?"

I entertained no doubt in my good luck, and the very next day I was out again looking for a job. I adopted the principle of not spending anything from my former savings while out of employment. Looking for a post thus became my *aim* and some independent business my *means* of earning the daily expenses. For some time I sold magazines and safety razors. The former I carried in my hands and the latter in my pockets. While doing these and looking for a post, I was able even to ask for orders for a South Water St. Wholesale Fruit-seller.

One day I went to a suburb town and there were with me several American canvassers for the Fruit-seller. This was one of my worst days in Chicago. I sold very little and got no order. Most of my companions who asked for orders only, were also unsuccessful and discouraged. All of them gave up the fruit-selling business as

a bad job and started for home except one. He stuck to me, and began to persuade me to give it up as a bad thing. But still I did not quit it until the evening.

"I have a job in the Remington Firm and I am sure I can help you too," he said, "these Fruit-sellers are crooked people. They advertised that canvassers make 10 dollars a day and that's why I came to try it."

This man did not have the money even to go back to his home. His disappointment was very acute indeed. I did not know his nationality, but when he complained that his *wife* allowed him thirty cents only which he had spent for his midday meal, I felt certain that he was Irish ; and I was right. I offered him the car-fare and he gave me an invitation to his home. His wife was a fine and fat typical Irish girl. True to the reputation of her race, she was very hospitable to me. Perhaps she wanted to show her gratefulness for bringing her husband back to her quite safely.

One day I made as much as three dollars and twenty-five cents by selling the magazines only. But still these were very *precarious* means of livelihood for a respectable gentleman. Some of my unsold safety razors are still lying with me.

Within a month's time I came in touch with three firms—The Economic Electric Co., – W. D. Boyce and Co., a big publishing house,—and also the Cole Motor Car Co. I used to get pay from the first two firms and worked for the other just for some experience whenever I had nothing else to do. I also came in touch with one Mr. Glover who used to work for a rich man who owned and rented some thirty buildings. He needed my help quite often and it was during this time that I once worked for fifty hours at a stretch, the longest time in my life, without going into anything like bed.

The temperature fell suddenly several degrees below, and it became very cold in Chicago. We had to repair and put the spare building-heating boilers into service at once. By the time we became ready to quit work, a pipe line and a pump were reported to have burst on account of frozen water, and we *had* to work hard and long in order to save the building from being flooded after the melting of the ice. My income during these days was over a pound a day.

In W. D. Boyce and Co. I was engaged as a Hustler and my duty was to supply the mailers with the printed papers. I hoped to get a

transfer to the Engineering Department of the Firm, but it never came about though I knew their plant from A to Z.

A few months later my relations with all the firms except W. D. Boyce and Co. were cut off. I found a regular source of income here and the foreman began to like me. My companions who were mostly Irish, Polanders, and Germans were very jealous of me, and as they *could not work as hard as myself* they failed to prejudice any one against me, and I used to get most of the overtime. Some of my companions used to get drunk once in a while, and their wives would come to escort them home on the pay-day.

I would not have given up the Engineering work if it were not for the fact that the Electricians' Union threatened me. But I did not regret it much for I was making pretty good sums as a Hustler. One week my income was over 22 dollars.

The Hustler's work was of the lowest grade in the organised labour. It was really a *kuli's* work. But still there were sometimes well-educated men coming to work as hustlers. An American *in difficulty* can do anything that is honest without losing the credit of his former and latter careers.

My Indian readers will be astonished to hear that in that very firm of W. D. Boyce and Co. where I was holding one of the lowest positions I was one day cordially received and asked to sit on a footing of equality by a man who was second to none but Mr. Boyce himself. He is the Editor of Chicago Ledger—a weekly magazine with a circulation of more than 2 million copies. His name is Alva Milton Kerr.

I sold to him a very long serial story entitled "The Daring Deeds of Miss Dehnert, or The Horrors of the Eastern Harems." It was my crowning success, and I felt that it might have been due to the auspicious influence of the admirable girl—Stephena Dehnert—whom I intended to commemorate by the story.

One day the Editor came down himself with some rejected manuscripts and started a long talk. He was in his splendid and spotless dress, and I was in the dirty clothes of a labourer. Among many things he said, "We believe in spiritualism, and that is our main assets, but materialism is our mission in life ... ."

I used to write not only in my own room, but wherever I had time. One day I was writing something in the Mailing Room just after dinner and before the work was begun. A girl

by the name of Miss Cook became very curious as to what I was writing. I at once changed my subject, wrote a little poem about her and passed it from hand to hand. This pleased her very much and also the readers. I was at once crowded by requests from other girls and some gentlemen too for writing about them. I wrote some more pieces and one of them became published in the Saturday Blade printed by the same firm of W. D. Boyce and Co.

"If you write anything about me", said one Miss Lang, "I will kill you."

This is another case of girls expressing by contraries. The colour of her wording was changed and sweetened by the colour of her looking. But I begged her to be excused as my stock of petty and pleasing thoughts were already exhausted.

During my stay in Chicago the most important occurrence there was the holding of the Republican Party Convention in the city Colosseum. Some fifteen thousand people gathered there from all the States in the Union in order to decide the Republican Candidate for the Presidency. The claimants were Taft, Roosevelt, and La Follette. Each had his compaign-manager and other promoters in Chicago, and

each tried to make the most successful show. Roosevelt secretly bought over the musical band belonging to La Follette, and when the band-master was questioned he replied, "Money talks."

From the standpoint of justice and sincerity senator La Follette had the greatest claim to the party candidacy, but Taft-Roosevelt quarrels and controversies made it appear that they were the only two claimants to the Presidential chair; and I think that the only reason for Wilson's quarrelling with his friend and admirer, the Editor of the Harper's magazine, was his desire to be talked about, and thus to be saved from being eclipsed by Taft and Roosevelt.

Taft is not a diplomat, but a very sincere and straight-forward character. Roosevelt took him as the right person to pull his wires and *made* him the President and hoped to get his help in his efforts to become President for the third term. But this was a great mistake. The two friends fell out in private and over personal problems. For a long time they were simply political adversaries, but during the next election campaign they even called each other names. The Chicago Daily News caricatured them as painting each other black.

The American mob called Roosevelt the American Cæsar. He was, no doubt, a man of great ability ; but he was neither the apostle of Jesus Christ, nor the lover of freedom as he pretended to be, or as his wirepuller, the long-bearded Lymon Abbot of the Outlook, tried to make him. In the opinion of many good Americans he was the most dangerous demagogue ; and I believe that his defeat by Taft inside the Party, and by Wilson in the Presidential Campaign, saved the United States from a fight-to-finish war with Mexico and her neighbours, and entirely changed the course of the American and the world's history.

Roosevelt caused a division in the Republican party, and thus Wilson had a very easy victory. This is really a repetition of the political party-history of the United States, and it is a wonder that even such a man as Roosevelt could not foresee and act accordingly. It shows just how small are even the great men when compared with the influences that shape and lead the course of history. But there were and there will be more great men who will make new histories.

Looking over the vista of our past, I mean the history of India, we find that it is nothing but a repetition of one and the same thing—

trouble over lhe tribal, provincial, sectarian, social or court difficulties, and an outsider coming and taking over the charge. It is possible to go deep into the root-causes of such repetitions and try to bring about changes that will prevent such sad occurrences. We generally dread any idea of a change, but progress means nothing but a change for the better.

I have now come near to the closing days with Uncle Sam ; but this story will never come to an end. To those whom I love, I will be reciting it over and over again. It is over four years now since I bade farewell to the land of Uncle Sam ; but I have forgotten very little. As time passes on, the former friends and associates seem to be becoming nearer and dearer. I seem to see Mr. Phelps in his country house and Josephine reciting her poems. I still see the smiling face of Miss Rigney who was the first American to send me a Christmas card. There is Mr. Gest introducing his wife and daughter to me. Elise is still swinging on the hammock. Miss Kissam is still bent down picking up the chestnuts. Miss Bruen is still talking to me through the telephone from her chamber in Hotel Martha Washington. Montclair is resplendent in the glory of summer

sunshine and spotless verdure. Frances Coopelanp is playing on the piano in the parlour. There is Grace sitting on her Papa's lap. I see Booker T. Washington reading the Bible after dinner. There is the Tuskegee Chapel, and many of my friends are present. Some girls in the front benches are still crying with their faces hidden on the palms, and some lady teachers are consoling them.

There is Mr. Ryan of Schenectady looking at the types of G. E. transformers. Mr. Tobey is still explaining, on a big board in Wendel hotel at Pittsfield, and with a long stick in hand, some engineering that he saw in Italy. There is the city of Chicago with the sky-scrapers along the State St. I see Mr. Wilson the fat and dwarfish superintendent of W. D. Boyce and Co. swaggering through the hall. Agnes is arranging for the midday lunch and little Lizzy is impatiently glancing at the clock.

There is Stephena playing on the piano, Martha and Harie are intently watching her fingers, and Mamie is singing. The Dehnerts were the last Americans to whom I said good-bye. I wrote to them when I was in Europe that I missed them very much and got nice replies. They were as near to me as possible. The happy

evenings that I passed with them by telling stories or listening to songs and music, will never be forgotten. They were as sorry to see me go as I was to leave them. There were tears in the eyes of little Martha. She must be about thirteen now.

THE END.

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